The Nation.

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The Week.

THE public-debt statement for August, just made public, shows another increase, and a large one. What Republican "spell-binder" of former campaigns can have forgotten how constantly useful were the public-debt statements of other Republican administrations to him, and how he clinched his argument in behalf of the honesty and economy of those administrations by citing the millions of dollars of decrease in the public debt month by month? Under Harrison there has come a change. That this change is not due to any causes regularly operating at this time of year becomes evident from the following comparison of debt changes for July and August under Presidents Cleveland and Harrison:

	UNDER CLEVELAND.	
July, 1885.	Decrease	$8,662,790
Aug., 1885.	Decrease	2,879,052
July, 1886.	Decrease	9,049,103
Aug., 1886.	Decrease	1,910,699
July, 1887.	Decrease	4,844,896
Aug., 1887.	Decrease	4,809,475
July, 1888.	Decrease	4,137,299
Aug., 1888.	Decrease	7,324,675
	UNDER HARRISON.	
July, 1889.	Increase	1,317,312
Aug., 1889.	Increase	6,076,692

Much as the average Republican may admire Tanner and his policy towards the Treasury, there is in these figures matter to give him pause. Over $7,000,000 *increase* in the public debt under the Republican President during the two months in which, during each year of President Cleveland's Administration, there was an average *decrease* of about $10,000,000! How will this sound on the hustings if it is kept up? It is death to the surplus, surely, but what is it to the taxpayer?

Commissioner Tanner's policy of rerating pensions has got a member of the Indiana Legislature named Wilson into serious trouble. Wilson has been devoting himself for several months past to having rerated the pensions of soldiers' widows who had been deprived of them by remarrying. His plan was very simple. He hunted up widows whose second husbands had died, induced them to swear that their second marriages had not been legally made, and then brought suit to have the marriages annulled. When he had won these suits, he applied to Tanner for rerating and back pay. He succeeded in getting this for no less than sixteen widows, the back pay amounting in some cases to $1,200. Something suspicious about one of the cases led to an investigation, and the result is, that Wilson and one of his sixteen widows are now awaiting examination by the Grand Jury on the charge of conspiring to defraud the Government. It has been shown that this widow was married a second time in 1873, and had three children by her second husband. The latter died a few years ago, and Wilson induced her to swear that she was never legally married to him, had the marriage annulled, got her pension rerated, with back pay from 1873 amounting to over $1,000. The other cases are similar to this. Wilson, of course, got a handsome commission in each case. It would be interesting to know in how many other States Tanner's "liberal to the boys" policy has led to similar frauds.

The Grand Army of the Republic discussed Tanner on Thursday, and showed a degree of moderation in the matter which was not expected. A Kansas delegate led off with a resolution "heartily endorsing his conduct of the Pension Bureau," and "denouncing the bitter and malignant criticisms of the press upon his official conduct." The resolution was of the same order as Tanner's recent interview in which he denounced his critics as "whelps"; and, judging from the tone of most Grand Army deliverances, its prompt passage was to have been anticipated. There were delegates, however, who appeared to have some conception of the proprieties, and they objected to such action. "Who knows anything about Tanner's administration of the Pension Bureau?" asked one of these delegates, adding such sound doctrine as this:

"We should not try to force the Administration to suspend this investigation. I was in Washington last week, and I heard it charged upon the streets and everywhere else that men employed in the bureau were all getting their cases made special and taken up immediately and rerated much higher, while the poor devils of the rank and file have to stand back and wait. I told them that it was a lie; but if he has done that and we pass the resolution, we endorse such action on his part. This encampment knows nothing of the details of Tanner's work and cannot pass judgment upon it. We may believe it is all right, but we do not know it. If we pass the resolution and the Committee of Investigation should exonerate him, the opposition press would say that the Administration dare not oppose the G. A. R., and they would have good reason to say it."

The upshot of it all was the adoption of a substitute resolution declaring "that we thank President Harrison for the appointment of our comrade, James Tanner, as Commissioner of Pensions, and that, notwithstanding the assault made on him, we declare our complete confidence in his integrity, and our approval of his endeavors to do all that can be done, under the laws, for the veterans of the war; and in connection with him we ask a full investigation of his administration of the affairs of the Pension Bureau." Except for the assertion that there has been an "assault" on him, there is little to criticise in this resolution, while the demand for "a full investigation of his administration" is most fortunate. The necessity for a thoroughgoing investigation is made more plain by the revelation, through the Washington correspondence of the *World*, that Tanner has resumed the practice of rerating pensions for his cronies and giving them great sums of money in the shape of back pay. When the rerating scandals were brought to light a few weeks ago, Secretary Windom became alarmed lest the surplus should be exhausted and the Government run into debt unless a halt were called in this business of handing around such sums as $5,000 and $6,000. A halt was called, but it appears that Tanner has resumed operations on the same line. The *World's* correspondent gives the names and amounts in eleven cases where pensioners have been rerated and granted back pay in sums aggregating $72,622.92—or about $6,600 apiece. The most offensive case is that of Hiram Smith, Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, who draws a salary of $3,600 a year in that capacity, and yet has been granted a large pension, with $6,035.72 in the shape of back pay.

We should think that genuine army veterans, proud of their record, would look with great suspicion on the announcement made at Milwaukee last week, that the Grand Army organization has increased 21,431 members during the last year. The war ended twenty-five years ago, and, in the natural course of events, the number of surviving veterans should show a yearly decrease. The Grand Army, too, is no novel scheme, but has been gathering soldiers into its membership for many years, and it ought to feel the effects of the soldiers' death-list. The rush to enroll as members now can have but one explanation. The high-tariff Republicans have found in this organization of soldiers a possible means of so depleting the Federal Treasury that a curb may be put on the demand for decreased taxation; and the organization, in lending itself to the scheme to make every reputed soldier the recipient of Government alms, and in condemning every effort at Washington to sift the honest from the dishonest applicants for pensions, is attracting to itself every needy person in the land who can make out any ground of eligibility. Speaking of the Grand Army the other day, the Philadelphia *Telegraph* said: "As every one knows, there is a very considerable portion of the organization made up of men who only saw, as it were, the edge of the great conflict, who went into service almost at the close of the war, but who now indiscriminately share the honors of an organization which should command the very highest respect of all patriotic men." It seems strange that among the whole number of genuine soldiers who attend the Grand Army meetings, there is not one to raise his voice in protest against the present uses to which the organization is put.

The fight which the Republican Boys have been making to gain possession of the Surveyor's office in the Custom-house has met with another check, but it is evident that

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they are pretty certain to win it in the near future, probably before the work of the fall campaign opens. The history of the fight is an interesting one. When Surveyor Beattie came into office, he abolished the system of employing weighers' and gaugers' laborers and other like assistants by the hour, and employed them at $2.50 a day. The change is said to have been an improvement in many ways. Since the Republicans "came into their own again" there has been great anxiety to have the old system restored in order to get places for the ward workers of the Republican Machine. As there are about three hundred and fifty men employed, it will be seen that the fight is worth making. In July last an order was received from the Treasury Department abolishing the $2.50 a day system, and authorizing the employment of laborers at thirty cents an hour. This was scarcely issued before it was suspended till September 1. Many reasons have been given for the suspension, but one of the most powerful was a protest from the 'Longshoremen's Union, which had fixed the rate of wages for such work at forty cents an hour. It was known by the Government that thirty cents an hour would largely increase the expenditures of the office, because in times of political activity excuses could be found for employing almost any number of men. To raise the rate to forty cents would simply make matters worse, while to leave it at thirty cents would bring upon the party the wrath of organized labor. The problem appears to be a perplexing one to the Treasury Department, for on Thursday an order came to continue the suspension till September 30. The appetite of the Boys long since passed the limits of control, and their present condition is pitiable. The party is likely to lose the services of many of its best workers on election day if the change is not made soon, and for that reason we think it will be made.

An early demand is made in the leading journals of both political parties in this State for the selection of "good men" to the next Legislature. We are glad to see it, and hope it will be heeded by the nominating conventions in all parts of the State, and especially in this city. Unless there is a change for the better, the city will be worse off than usual at Albany next winter. The President has deprived us of the services of Mr. Crosby by giving him an appointment in Egypt, and the only other member upon whom we were able formerly to depend for honest legislation, Mr. Hamilton, has put an end to his public career by the shocking performances which are now set forth daily at such great length in the newspapers. In the last session, both these young men, who had previously been faithful to the interests of the city, faltered at critical moments, and even gave their support to notoriously vicious measures. The cause of Mr. Crosby's change of front was afterwards revealed by his appointment from the President through "Tom" Platt. He was obliged to refrain from opposing bad legislation in order to gain Platt's approval, but he went beyond what was required of him when he sought to defend his course by writing abusive letters to the press for criticising him. Aside from Messrs. Crosby and Hamilton, the last New York delegation to the Assembly was of very little service to the city, and if the next one is to be an improvement upon this, there will have to be a great change in the character of the nominations.

That civil-service reform amounted to something under Mr. Cleveland is illustrated by a list which the Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* furnishes that paper, of the dates when the terms of postmasters in Kentucky appointed by the President expire. Of about forty such officials, two hold commissions signed by Mr. Cleveland in February, 1889, two during the year 1888, nine during 1887, and nine during 1886, their Republican predecessors having been allowed to serve out their terms. So far from having made a "clean sweep," therefore, Mr. Cleveland made scarcely any changes in the chief post-offices of Kentucky until the four years for which Mr. Arthur had commissioned postmasters ran out. The Washington correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* recently showed that the same rule was applied in Minnesota, where there are nearly sixty Presidential postmasters, twelve of whom were appointed during Mr. Cleveland's last year, nineteen in 1887, and fifteen in 1886.

The sudden rise into a sort of eminence of an obscure and somewhat ridiculous young man, simply because he happens to be the son of a gentleman elected to the Presidency, and his progress in foreign countries as somebody whom Americans are apparently proud of and like strangers to see, is one of the disagreeable phenomena of the day. There would be some excuse or palliation for it if we in any way recognized the heredity principle in our system of government, or even in our social arrangements. Nobody's son but the President's is a bit the better in the eyes of the public for being his father's son. On no point of social ethics do Americans generally insist more firmly than that every man shall stand on his feet and make his own position. It is, as a rule, only at dinner-parties that it does a man any good to have had an eminent father or grandfather. And the rule would be strictly applied to a President's son, to the great advantage of public morals and manners, but for the spoils system. It is because he stands near to the dispenser of patronage, the lavish and not over-particular bestower of post-offices and things "equally as good," that the country is afflicted with the itinerant professional Presidential son, who figures to foreigners as a sort of chromo "heir apparent," the fine flower of American society, as if the people, when they voted for Gen. Harrison, meant to royalize the whole family. If offices were distributed as they were meant to be when the Government was established, either in fear of God or with a decent regard for the opinion of mankind, this new plague could never have come upon us. It is because he is supposed to be an "inflooence" that we have to follow the movements of youths like Mr. Russell Harrison round the world with the national eye, and receive him on his return, with flowers, in our best tug. But it is a process which perverts the public judgment and lowers the public standards both about men and things.

Republican newspapers at the North which want to understand the situation in Virginia will do well to put the *Valley Virginian* of Staunton on their exchange lists. It is an ably edited journal, which, in its own words, "has maintained its consistency and its integrity as a Republican journal in defiance of persecution, proscription, and ostracism that few editors of papers have been called upon to endure." It declares that it will not support Mahone for Governor, because the body that nominated him was not a Republican Convention, representing the sentiment of the party in the State; because "his election would be a calamity to the commonwealth, in that it would paralyze industrial progress, arrest the inflow of capital and enterprise, and inaugurate a reign of hate and revenge that would disturb and aggravate every relation of business, and every influence that contemplates the material progress of the State"; and because "it would be a menace to the Republican party of the nation, in that it would be an endorsement of bossism." It therefore advises all self-respecting Republicans to vote against him, and predicts that he will be beaten by from 25,000 to 50,000 majority.

The *Virginian* addresses an earnest appeal to the New York *Tribune*, which applies equally to all the Northern Republican organs which have followed the *Tribune's* lead, to cease lending countenance to Mahone, on the ground that they know nothing about the internal workings of Mahone's machine, which is characterized as "the most cruel and relentless political despotism ever known in this country," and that the influence which it represents, if successful in Virginia, "will wreck the Republican party of the country." The difficulty about this sort of an appeal, however, is that the Republican press is generally committed to bossism. Mahone only represents in the South what Quay represents in the North, and there is hardly a Republican paper of any prominence in the North which protests against the dominance of Quay.

The *Manufacturer* of Philadelphia has joined hands with the *American*, temporarily, in decrying the tariff-protected Trusts. Like the *American*, it considers their existence a menace to the protective system. "The protective system," it says, "cannot continue in existence unless it commends itself to the sound judgment and the self-interest of the mass of the people. If they perceive that it will promote the general interests of their

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country, while in the long run it gives them low prices, they will maintain it; but beyond doubt they will not vote for a tariff to exclude them from low European prices if American manufacturers, behind the tariff shelter, are going to combine to shut them out from low American prices. *A community composed of men willing year after year to vote to let somebody rob them is hardly fit for free government, and men of that class are scarce in this country.*" That the support which the *Manufacturer* gives to the *American* is likely to be only temporary and fitful, we infer from another article in the same issue (September 2), urging that the right way to discomfit the Sugar Trust is not to reduce the duties on sugar, but to "stimulate the production of beet and sorghum sugar." Can anybody tell us how long we have been working at the beet and sorghum problems? More than twenty years on beet and nearly thirty on sorghum, and all this time we have had the "stimulus" of tariff duties of two and a half to five cents per pound.

Mr. Simeon E. Baldwin, in discussing, before the Bar Association at Chicago on Thursday, the growth of journalism, seems to have somewhat overrated what has been done within the last century by way of putting "a new limitation on the suffrage" in the shape of minority representation. He speaks of its adoption "twenty years ago by the British Parliament for the election of its own members from some of the larger constituencies," as well as its adoption in Illinois at elections of members of the Legislature, and in Pennsylvania for the government of her private corporations. As a matter of fact, the system has declined in popular favor in England, and was definitively abandoned in the election of members of Parliament under the Distribution Bill of 1885. The large "three-cornered constituencies," as they were called, in which the minority had a member of their own, were cut up into small "one-member districts," in each of which the majority has its own way as of old. In fact, the theory of minority representation owed much of its vogue twenty years ago to the powerful advocacy of John Stuart Mill, then in the zenith of his fame and influence. Since his death it has lost ground, in large part through the excessive zeal of its advocates, of whom the ablest and most prominent was Mr. Courtney, the present Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons. They claimed more for it than they were ever able to get ordinary men to see in it, and asked sacrifices and labors in its behalf which were too much for human nature in its present stage.

The *Tribune* will have it that the London strike is all along of free trade. But we should think the sapient originator of this idea would hesitate to produce it in the presence of such occurrences as the Louisiana riot on Sunday, the like of which has never been seen in a free-trade country. An excursion train filled with women and children is deliberately fired upon by persons waiting for it at the station, and the passengers have to "fly in all directions, shouting and screaming and leaving dishes, baskets, and hats and shoes behind them." A similar conflict was reported to be imminent at Shell Mound in Tennessee, as well as in New River Valley, Fayette County, W. Va. We hope our protectionist friends enjoy these spectacles. It is idle to say the high tariff has nothing to do with them. We answer by asking whether anything of the kind occurs in England or in the colony of Victoria. Are trains full of colored men and women ever fired on even in any country where the duties on imports are low—say Turkey, for instance?

The London dock companies have a responsibility put upon them in the present crisis such as no commercial body in England has ever before had to face, for if they yield to the huge combination now made against them, it will be the same thing as transferring the control of their business to the Socialist leaders—namely, Burns, Hyndman, Cunningham & Co.—and a repetition of the attack on some other trade or industry would be sure to occur before long. The present leaders are men superior in every way to those who engineer strikes in New York, but they are as unfit as any men in the world for the power of making organized attacks on trade, or industry, or capital. The London dock laborers now on strike are, perhaps, the lowest class of labor in England. They are the drift from the country, who hang around the docks for jobs by the hour, and live literally from hand to mouth. Anybody with strong arms can do their work. Their sole trouble is that there are twice too many of them where they are. The only effective remedy for their distress is to send half of them away. Giving them what they ask—sixpence instead of fivepence per hour, and engagements for not less than four hours—would have only a momentary effect on their condition. It would draw thousands more from the country districts to compete for the work, and London would then have more discontented laborers than ever.

The Tories are apparently making one of their old-fashioned attempts to "dish the Liberals" by offering to endow a Catholic university in Ireland—an offer which the Parnellites are said to be disposed to accept—of course as an instalment of their just rights. The object of this is to mollify the Catholic clergy and detach them from the home-rule cause, and also to make a split between the Parnellites and the Liberals. The Liberals count on the Parnellites refusing to make any compromise with the common enemy, and especially a compromise of this sort, which is sure to offend the English Nonconformists, who compose the bone and sinew of the Liberal party. Although the Nonconformists' hatred of "Popery" has softened into hostility to "Romanism" since the great fight of forty years ago against the grant to Maynooth, the well-known Catholic divinity college, they are not yet ready for the establishment, with British Government funds, of a denominational university which would inevitably be, as all Catholic institutions of learning are, governed by the clergy. The disgust of the English Nonconformists, however, would be nothing compared to the disgust of the "loyal Orangemen" of Ulster, for whose future and welfare the Tories have thus far shown the greatest tenderness. It is true they do not constitute a very formidable voting force, as they only send ten or twelve members to the House of Commons, but they almost make up for their numerical weakness by their ardor and vociferousness. The Tories can cite plenty of Liberal arguments in favor of the establishment of a university of this sort in Ireland, as the gratification of a legitimate popular desire. But it is certain, on the other hand, that there is not a Catholic university in the world whose influence is not hostile to popular government.

The demand which Mr. Washburn has made on the Swiss Government for compensation for the arrest and false imprisonment of four American tourists, raises seriously a question which has often been raised jocosely: What can be done to enforce a demand against Switzerland by a Power which has no adjoining territory? France, Italy, Austria, and Germany could all bring armed pressure to bear on Switzerland, but what could England and America do if Switzerland chose to snap her fingers at them? She has no ports, no maritime trade, no foreign possessions, and, in fact, is absolutely unassailable by any but border nations. It would seem as if the only mode for us to get satisfaction, in case the Swiss sense of honor and fair play failed us, would be to capture a leading hotel-keeper when on his travels in winter, and hold him for a ransom.

The Comte de Paris's alliance with Boulanger, or at all events his willingness to use Boulanger, and get his friends to take the adventurer seriously, has been a sad disappointment to many of his admirers, and is, it is understood, greatly disapproved by his uncle, the Duc d'Aumale. It will probably do more than anything that has happened since the death of the Comte de Chambord to make the royalist cause seem hopeless. Boulanger, in the meantime, far from answering any of the disgraceful charges against him, has issued another manifesto denouncing his enemies, and has nominated forty candidates to represent his cause in the coming election, about the end of September. He is relying on the plan with which we are so familiar here of "vindication" by the vote of some constituency. He cannot since his condemnation be himself legally voted for anywhere, but, if his candidates are elected, he will claim that this disposes of the charges of peculation and corruption. He is a sorry charlatan, and the probabilities now seem to be that he will end by keeping a café and billiard-room for shady characters in London or Brussels.

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OHIO'S QUEER POLITICS.

THERE is little in the political campaign which is about to open in Ohio in which a non-partisan adult observer can take serious interest. The Republicans have renominated for Governor the absurd Foraker, and the Democrats have put up against him ex-Congressman James E. Campbell, a politician of much the same type. Gov. Foraker is in the field for a third term, and he stands upon a platform which is thoroughly suited to him and what he represents in politics—that is, extreme demagogic views upon the tariff, pensions, and all other leading questions of the time. Mr. Campbell's platform is much better than his personal record. It stands squarely upon the national Democratic platform of last year in demanding "reduction of tariff taxes," and pledges the party to "continue the battle for tariff reform until the cause of the people is triumphant." Mr. Campbell is said to be thoroughly in accord with this declaration now, though he was, during the greater part of his service in Congress, one of the small squad of "Randall Democrats," who would more properly have been styled "Protection Democrats." He voted against the Morrison bills for revising the tariff, but refused to act in opposition to President Cleveland's message, and voted, under protest, in favor of the Mills bill. In a recent interview he declared his belief that the Democratic party would in the long run gain by advocating tariff reform.

Aside from the declarations of the platforms, the tariff will be likely to play little part in the campaign. The Democrats declare their intention of making the fight solely upon State issues, attacking the shortcomings of the Foraker Administration, and making all the capital they can out of the fact that he is the first candidate in the history of the State to seek and obtain a nomination for a third term. They say very truly that the tariff has nothing to do with the contest, since it can in no way be affected by the result; and that all that they could be expected to do was to keep the party straight on the record by defining their views in the platform. The Republicans, on the other hand, are disposed to use the tariff as far as possible both as a shield for Foraker's shortcomings and as a means for raising "fat" from outside sources to swell their campaign funds. It looks now as if it would be hard work to accomplish much in the latter direction, as the protected interests are still feeling poor because of their heavy contributions in the national campaign of last year.

If the Democrats had selected a man of more ability and character for their candidate, there would have been more reason to take interest in their efforts to rescue the State from the control of Foraker; but it is impossible to see any reform in the possible substitution of Campbell for Foraker. The two bear different party names, but there is little difference in their political methods. Mr. Campbell is universally known as "Jimmy," and belongs to the class known as the Boys in the politics of every State. If he were to be elected, he would supplant the "Foraker crowd" with the "Campbell gang," and the State would be no better and probably no worse off than before. As for the chances of such substitution, it is far too early to speculate. The Democrats profess to be very confident of success, chiefly because of the alleged popular prejudice against a third term; but it is never safe to count much upon the influence of a rational idea in Ohio politics. Foraker is unquestionably a popular hero in the State, and comes nearer to being the idol of his party than any Governor that the State has had in recent years. A party of which this can be said is not one to be easily shaken in its allegiance.

It is entirely probable that Mr. Campbell's nomination may prove to be much stronger than that of a man with higher political principles and aims might have been. Ohio politics must not be estimated by the standards applied to most other States. No one who reads the leading political organs of the State can fail to realize this fact. Their discussions of political principles do not seem to be intended for the consideration of adults, but rather for children or persons of undeveloped minds. As this style of discussion has prevailed for many years, and as the newspapers practising it are prosperous, it must be that the people of the State like it. If they do like it, Messrs. Foraker and Campbell are candidates after their own hearts, and the approaching campaign will be one of the most warmly contested since Gov. Foraker appeared as a leader. The Democrats have not carried the State for Governor since 1883, when they elected Judge Hoadly by a plurality of over 12,000 and a clear majority of about 1,300. Two years later Foraker carried the State by a plurality of 17,000, and was reëlected in 1887 by a plurality of 23,000, but in neither election did he have a majority over all, or anything like it. He was, in fact, 13,000 short of a majority in 1885, and 31,000 short of it in 1887.

WHY NOT WEAR OUR FLAG?

THE brief history and the present condition *in law* of the steamship *City of Paris*, which has by her conduct on the ocean secured, if we may use the Hibernianism of Sir Boyle Roche, "such a footing in the public ear," make a good object lesson for Harrison protectionists to study. Precisely how she is owned, whether by a corporation, or a joint-stock company, or a partnership, is immaterial. Her owner is said to be the Inman Company, whose residence and citizenship, the seat of whose affairs, may be English or may be American, for all that we know. Whether a majority of the shareowners, or partners, and of the capital is English or American, we are unable to say. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is reported to be a large owner. To an assemblage of the passengers on her recent voyage, Mr. Medill of the Chicago *Tribune* is reported to have explained that "the ship and the results attained by it were due to American enterprise backed by American capital. He knew that the application of American inventions to the machinery of the steamship had increased her speed one knot an hour, and that *nine-tenths of the capital of the Inman Line was American money.*" A State Senator of New Jersey, Mr. Warwick, confirmed what Mr. Medill had said of her ownership. He regretted the fact that the British flag had to fly over the *City of Paris* when she was practically owned by Americans. He said that the American flag ought to fly over the product of American enterprise and American pluck.

If Americans are the majority owners of the capital embarked in the Inman Line, and those majority owners are fairly patriotic, it must be annoying not to be able to fly the American flag, but to be compelled to wear the British flag, on their vessels. To be sure, the building of the *City of Paris* was by foreigners in a foreign country; her model, machinery, officers, and seamen are foreign. Nothing is American about her, excepting some of the money expended on her, and one of the ports to and from which she sails. But assuming her ownership to be as entirely and intensely American as if in the hands of Harrison, Blaine, Wanamaker, Platt, and Warner Miller, even then, if foreign-built, she could not be navigated under the American flag or take part in our coastwise business. She must, although American-owned, be a part of a foreign country and under a foreign jurisdiction. And why? Simply because born abroad. She can never be naturalized, under our existing laws, so that she can wear our starry flag and be commanded by Americans. Why is such legislation permitted to encumber the Federal statute book? To protect our own shipbuilders, it will be said, by thus excluding a foreign-built vessel. But we do not and cannot build and navigate ocean steamers in competition with Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, even when aided by the exclusion of foreign-built vessels from naturalization, and even although (what is not fully appreciated) the taxes on all imported materials used in American vessels have been taken off to aid the late John Roach and our domestic shipbuilders. And if we could cheaply and safely build ocean steamers, we probably have not now officers and seamen to navigate them—so long have we, thanks to protection, been without ocean steamers trading swiftly with European ports.

It is to the credit of President Grant that, when war began between France and Germany in 1870, and, owing to various causes, foreign vessels could be cheaply bought, he personally, and on the solicitation of Secretary Fish, urged Congressmen to repeal the exclusion, and enable our countrymen to naturalize foreign-built vessels; but the partisans of John Roach were too powerful, and the repeal was defeated in committee. At the end of nearly twenty years, what is our condition? Some seven years ago Mr. Gladstone made a speech at Leeds, and may we not ask our protectionist readers to ponder this part of his utterances in 1882?

"On the occasion of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the whole protectionist party of the country went into the deepest mourning. They told us that the repeal of the Navigation Laws was the destruction of the wooden walls of old England, and meant neither more nor less than her reduction to the rank of a third-rate Power. The tonnage of Great Britain in 1840 was

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6,490,000 tons. In 1880 it had risen to 41,348,000 tons.

"Now, what is the state of shipping in protected countries? What has become of the shipping of the United States in its competition with British shipping? My boyhood was spent at the mouth of the Mersey, and in those days I used to see those beautiful American liners, the packets between New York and Liverpool, which then conducted the bulk and the pick of the trade between the two countries. The Americans were deemed to be so entirely superior to us in shipbuilding and navigation that they had four-fifths of the whole trade between the two countries in their hands, and that four-fifths was the best of the trade. What is the case now, when free trade has operated and has applied its stimulus to the intelligence of England, and when, on the other hand, the action of the Americans has been restrained by the enactment, the enhancement, and the tightening of the protective system? The scales are exactly reversed, and instead of America doing four-fifths, and that the best, we do four-fifths of the business, and that the best, and the Americans pick up the leavings of the British and transact the residue of the trade. Not because they are inferior to us in anything—it would be a fatal error to suppose it; not because they have less intelligence or less perseverance. They are your descendants; they are your kinsmen; and they are fully equal to you in all that goes to make human energy and power; but they are laboring under the delusion from which you yourselves have but recently escaped, and in which some misguided fellow-citizens seek again to entangle you.

"I am reminded that I was guilty on a certain occasion of stating in an article—not a political article—that, in my opinion, it was far from improbable that as the volume of the future was unrolled, America, with its vast population and its wonderful resources, and not less with that severe education which, from the high price of labor, America is receiving in the strong necessity of resorting to every description of labor-saving contrivances, and consequent development, not only on a large scale, but down to the smallest scale of the mechanical genius of the country—on that account, the day may come when that country may claim to possess the commercial primacy of the world. I gave sad offence to many. . . . I at present will say this, that as long as America adheres to the protective system your commercial primacy is secure. Nothing in the world can wrest it from you while America continues to fetter her own strong hands and arms, and with these fettered arms is content to compete with you, who are free, in neutral markets. And as long as America follows the doctrine of protection, or the doctrines now known as those of fair trade, you are perfectly safe, and you need not allow, any of you, even your slightest slumbers to be disturbed by the fear that America will take from you your commercial primacy."

Will not Irish-Americans meditate on these things?

A FEDERAL ELECTION LAW.

THE Constitution provides that "the times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators." The reason for inserting this clause, as is made plain by the discussion of the subject in the *Federalist*, was the fear, which was entertained by many people, that if the control of these elections were left exclusively to the States, "they could at any moment annihilate the Union, by neglecting to provide for the choice of persons to administer its affairs"—a risk which, slight as it now seems, may well have been considered grave enough to demand consideration by men who were trying so novel an experiment in government.

That this clause of the Constitution gives Congress full power over the election of its members, with the unimportant qualification that it cannot interfere with the State's choice of the place where its Senators shall be chosen, is obvious. If any shadow of doubt remained, it was removed by the decision of the Supreme Court in what is known as the Maryland election case, rendered ten years ago, which says in express terms: "The power of Congress over the subject is paramount. It may be exercised as and when Congress sees fit to exercise it."

Hitherto Congress has been slow to avail itself of this latent power, and has confined its interference to comparatively minor details. Thus in 1842 it passed a law providing that Representatives must be elected by separate districts. Later it was provided that such elections should be by ballot. A few years ago the day for such elections was made uniform throughout the country—"the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November," except where special acts enable three or four commonwealths which hold their State elections earlier in the year to choose Representatives in Congress at the same time. In like manner, by the act of July 25, 1866, provision was made for the method which should be followed by the two branches of the Legislature in electing a Senator.

Beyond these matters of detail, Congress has never gone except in the provision which was made by the act of February 28, 1871, for the appointment, by United States Circuit Courts, of supervisors of election whose duties are to attend at the registration of voters for the detection and exposure of any attempted fraud, and on election day to challenge any doubtful voter and scrutinize the counting of the votes. But as such appointments are to be made only upon written application to a circuit court, and as such application has seldom, if ever, been made in many of the States, anything like complete control of Congressional elections by Federal authority has never been known throughout the country.

A serious attempt is now making to organize sentiment in the Republican party in favor of a scheme to have the Fifty-first Congress assert to the fullest extent its latent power in this matter, take the election of Congressmen away from the State authorities, in whose hands it has rested during the first century of our history, and give entire control of the voting arrangements to officials of the Federal Government. In an article in the *North American Review* upon the duties of the new Congress, Henry Cabot Lodge declares that it "will fall far short of its duty and of the expectations of the people if it fails to pass an effective election law." Many Republican organs endorse this position.

Mr. Lodge notes with apparent commendation the bill to regulate elections introduced by Senator Sherman in the last Congress, the main features of which it is therefore well to recall. This bill authorizes the President to appoint in each Congressional district three voters as an electoral board, all to hold office during good behavior—in other words, for life—subject to impeachment for misdemeanor. The electoral board of each Congressional district is to appoint a registrar and three judges for each election district or precinct, and to increase the number of voting precincts whenever deemed necessary to secure a free and fair ballot; these officials to hold office for six years, subject to removal for misconduct. These Federal officials are to register the voters, count the ballots, correct irregularities, and declare whatever result seems to them best. In short, to take Vermont as an illustration, the entire control of all the steps connected with the choice of its Representatives in Congress would be taken away absolutely from those officials, appointed under State laws, who have for a hundred years had charge of such elections, and given to officials of the Federal Government over whom the people of Vermont have no power whatever.

We take Vermont as an illustration because of course a Federal election law must apply alike to every State in the Union, and because the real meaning of such a law is more clearly comprehended when applied to a commonwealth with so strong a sentiment of State pride as is entertained by the Green Mountain State. The motive of the proposed law is the supposed advantage which the Republican party would derive under such a system in certain Southern States where the elections are alleged not to be fair; but it must always be kept in mind that under the Constitution Federal laws must apply uniformly to all the States. If, therefore, the Government at Washington is to control Congressional elections in South Carolina and Mississippi, it must in like manner control such elections in Vermont and Iowa.

We do not believe that the people of the Northern States will ever consent thus to surrender control over their elections, and for this reason we think that the Sherman-Lodge scheme will fall through. The Republican majority in the House will be narrow at best, and a number of its members have already manifested their repugnance to the scheme. There is hardly anything to which the people cling more stoutly than to local control over their elections. Fancy, for a moment, the feeling in Vermont if there had been four years ago a Federal law under which Mr. Cleveland was to appoint three men in each Congressional district, who were to appoint subordinates in every town, these subordinates to control all the arrangements connected with the registration of voters, the casting of the ballots, and the counting of the ballots which they received. Imagine the feelings of the Republicans in the close Congressional districts of Connecticut last year if they had contemplated the possession of such power by Democratic officials.

"What are we here for?" is the question with Federal officials appointed under our present methods. The election officials appointed under the Sherman-Lodge plan would be "here" for the purpose of returning Republicans as elected to Congress—or Democrats, if the conditions of their appointment were changed. So long as we have political bosses like Quay and Mahone, on

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the one hand, or Gorman and Voorhees on the other, nobody can contemplate with composure the idea of having the control of elections turned over to their tools. The plain truth is, that the people of the North will not stand it, and because they will not stand it, the people of the South will escape the infliction.

MR. BEACH ON TRUSTS.

THE article of Mr. Charles F. Beach, jr., in defence of Trusts, in the September *Forum*, is, perhaps, the best thing that has been said on that side of the question. Certainly it embraces in brief compass and distinct phrase all that has been said by others. On the legal branch, Mr. Beach comes near to giving himself away by saying that "Gen. Pryor's masterly argument in the sugar-refineries case is, from the standpoint of the law reports, conclusive and unanswerable." Notwithstanding this sweeping admission, Mr. Beach asks whether we cannot concede all that Gen. Pryor claims and yet ask for a verdict on the other side. Why? Because, when the reason of the rule fails, the rule fails also. To show that the reason of the rule has failed, Mr. Beach examines present economic conditions. The law cannot say yes and no at the same time. If it said no on Monday, it cannot say yes on Tuesday, unless conditions have altered in a decided and unquestionable sense.

Has there been any change of economic conditions of such a fundamental sort as would warrant us in saying that the reason of the rule has failed, and therefore that the rule itself must fail? Several facts are adduced to sustain the affirmative. The one of most gravity, and upon which the most stress is laid, is "overproduction." In consequence of overproduction, prices have fallen, profits have reached the vanishing-point, and producers have been driven to combine. The Trust is only a larger and more perfect combination than has hitherto been attainable. Such combination is not an evil to society, because "competition as business is now conducted costs the public a million of dollars, where monopoly, such as is possible under modern conditions, can extort a penny." "The slightest reflection," Mr. Beach continues, "enables the most unthinking man among us to understand that when two men employ themselves in doing what one man can do alone, there is a waste of energy for which, unless it vanish in the air, at last the consumers of those products must in some way or another pay."

Mr. Beach should have told us at the outset what he means by "overproduction." He means overproduction of refined sugar, white lead, and other particular things that have been or may be combined in the form of Trusts, but his language implies general overproduction. Now, general overproduction is a flat absurdity and an impossibility. If general overproduction existed, and if all persons accordingly could and should organize themselves into Trusts, the net result would be exactly the same as before any Trust was organized. As everybody would get the same advantage in disposing of his services and products, nobody would get any advantage. Advantage means getting something that somebody else does not get. We are naturally moved to alarm by the thought of general overproduction. It is a monster of such hideous mien as to be hated needs but to be mentioned in a hasty way in a magazine article. But if it is only overproduction of sugar or salt, and we are not sellers of those things, we can put up with it. The buyers are not responsible for the overproduction of sugar and salt; therefore, it does not rest on their consciences any more than the overproduction of railways in the Granger States.

How does competition cost the public millions of dollars where monopoly costs a penny? The answer is suggested by Mr. Beach in the example of two men doing what one man can do alone, the result being "a waste of energy for which, unless it vanish in the air, at last the consumers of those products must in some way or another pay." It would have been helpful if Mr. Beach had cited one case by way of illustration. We have sought to find one in every-day life, but have not been able to, or even to imagine one. Suppose that two sugar-refiners are at work where one can produce all the sugar required. Here is a waste of energy undoubtedly, and this waste will be just the same whether they compete or whether they combine. In the former case (that of competition) the cost will fall upon themselves, because they will be selling at the lowest possible rate. In the latter case (that of combination) it will fall upon the consumers, because the producers will sell at the highest possible rate.

Mr. Beach allows that "it is not proposed as any part of the Trust scheme that it share its economies with the public, and it ought not therefore to be judged of as an eleemosynary institution." We will add what every business man knows, that it is competition and not combination that produces and enforces economies. When money comes in easy, the producer takes things easy. When it is hard to make ends meet, he studies how to save his pennies. It was competition among railways that made the great saving in the cost of transportation during the past twenty years. It was competition in the sugar trade that reduced the cost of refining to one-sixteenth of a cent a pound. We hear a great deal about the economies introduced by the Standard Oil Trust, but as that is not "an eleemosynary institution" any more than the others, we need not dwell upon them. It is safe to say that its economies have gone wholly into its own treasury. What its economies would have been if it had had effective competition, it is impossible to say; but it is certain that, in that case, the public would have shared them.

If further testimony were needed to show the efficiency of competition to produce economies and to enable the public to share them, Mr. Beach himself is a first-rate witness, for he says that since 1880 "the selling price of almost every one of the staple articles of commerce manufactured in this country has declined from 16 2-3 to 50 per cent." It is this very decline, he tells us, which has caused the Trusts. It was during this period that competition, according to the text, was costing *the public* millions where monopoly, "such as is possible under modern conditions" (*i. e.*, Trusts), could extort a penny. It was during this period that two men were doing what one man could do alone, thus wasting energy and making the consumers pay for the waste by getting their goods 16 to 50 per cent. cheaper. And this is something which "the slightest reflection enables the most unthinking man among us to understand." Perhaps so, but to a thinking man it is something of a puzzle.

Another supposed change in economic conditions which causes the reason of the rule to fail and carries the rule overboard with it, is found in the "organized and aggressive combinations of laboring men." This is described as "a potent factor." "It ought not to be overlooked," says Mr. Beach, "that a potent factor in inducing Trusts has undoubtedly been the aggressive combinations or Trusts of laboring men which now exist, and the concerted attempt on the part of labor to dictate how the factories are to be run, who are to be employed, and what wages are to be paid. The manufacturer finds himself verily 'between the devil and the deep sea'; between all sorts of embarrassments incident to competition with insolvent rivals and a bear market on the one hand, and the labor organizations on the other." Hence Trusts.

Are organized and aggressive combinations of laboring men such a new thing in the world that they become a potent factor to upset the otherwise "conclusive and unanswerable" law arguments of Gen. Pryor? It is rather an odd coincidence that the article next preceding Mr. Beach's in the *Forum* is one by Prof. Hadley, entitled "The Outlook for Industrial Peace," and that its first proposition is that aggressive combinations of laboring men are not new things at all; that they are not confined to the present age nor to the present state of industry; that they are not as bad now as they have been in some former periods (*e. g.*, 1877); that they are found in every progressive age, and that, "if they are especially prominent in the United States, it is because the United States is a most progressive nation." Back in 1835, according to Prof. Hadley, labor combinations were just as aggressive as they were in 1885, and their methods were the same, including trade-unions, federations of labor, strikes, and boycotts, although the word boycott was not then used.

If labor combinations are not new, what shall we say of "competition with insolvent rivals"? We have heard much about this kind of competition which seems to be more provocative of Trusts than either labor combinations or ordinary overproduction. "Examples are familiar," says Mr. David A. Wells, in the *Popular Science Monthly* (September), "of joint-stock companies that have made no profit and paid no dividends for years, and yet continue active operations. The shareholders are content if the plant is kept up and the working capital kept intact; and even when this is not done, they prefer to submit to assessments, or issue preference shares and take them up themselves, rather

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than go into liquidation, with the chance of losing their whole capital."

What are you to do if you are a shoemaker and one of your competitors in business sells shoes at less than cost? In the first place, you cannot prevent it. You can only let him go on till his capital runs out or he changes his mind. What ought society to do? Society will certainly accept shoes at less than cost and think that it has a good bargain. Will society be profited by all the shoemakers combining and putting up the price? Certainly not. Here Mr. Wells loses his footing. He says:

> "Society has practically abandoned — and from the very necessity of the case has got to abandon, unless it proposes to war against progress and civilization—the prohibition of industrial concentrations and *combinations*. The world demands abundance of commodities, and demands them cheaply, and experience shows that it can have them only by the employment of great capital on the most extensive scale."

Concentrations and combinations of capital are not the same thing, but they are here spoken of as though they were. There may be a dozen concentrations of capital for producing a certain article, but only one combination. Two combinations would not answer the purpose, while three would be worse than none. Mr. Wells's brief article reads like an apology for Trusts, but he would hardly contend that, in a case where so much capital is already embarked in a particular line of trade that "overproduction" exists, a combination to close a part of the works and pay them more money than they could make if they were running would be a gain to the public. It strikes us that instead of this being the employment of "great capital on the most extensive scale," it is the withdrawal of capital previously employed, and that it runs counter to the world's demand for abundance of commodities cheaply produced.

It is not necessary to berate the Trusts, or to impute any blame to them for taking all the trade advantages open to them. That is human nature, of which we all have our share. But the public will be to blame if they lend any countenance to them, or put up with them any longer than they are obliged to. Especially will they be to blame if they allow themselves to be hoodwinked by fallacies like those which Mr. Beach advances in the *Forum*, and which he evidently believes in firmly. Not more than one man in a hundred can by any possibility get his business, his calling, his daily labor, under the shield of a Trust. Ninety-nine per cent. of the population are therefore committed in the strongest manner to oppose the Trusts in every lawful way.

AN UNSEASONABLE JOKE.

"The National Editorial Association," which professes to represent the editorial profession throughout the United States, met at Detroit last week in convention. The occasion was considered so important that the delegates were, we believe, the guests of the city, and received an address of welcome from the Mayor. Its object was ostensibly, and we presume really, not only the improvement and elevation of the journalistic calling by the interchange of views between its members touching their common interests and aims, but its presentation to the public as one of the most powerful and valuable social and political influences of the day. One would naturally expect that on such an occasion, if there were either *esprit de corps* among the members, or any proper sense of the gravity of the functions which they claimed for themselves, an effort would have been made to put the best men of the profession into the foreground, and to give the proceedings a serious character; to make good, in such ways as the case would permit, the claims of journalism to be considered a safe and respectable commentator on all the great interests of American society; and to satisfy people that the reproach so often made, that American newspapers are comic publications, compiled for the amusement of big boys, was unfounded.

What happened, however, was this: The fundamental topic of the occasion was "Editorial Philosophy," a term which, if used seriously, means the spirit and aims which an editor brings or ought to bring to his work, the view he takes of its nature and responsibility. The subject is a large and weighty one. When one considers what the part is which the press plays in modern life, in educating the young, and moulding the opinions and cultivating the tastes of the old, it is not too much to say that the ablest and most experienced thinker and observer in any calling in the United States could hardly do justice to it. At all events, for such an essay every effort should have been made to secure the services of some representative journalist, whose experience, and judgment, and high personal character, and serious view of his calling would have secured him the ear not only of the Convention, but of the whole country. Instead of getting such a man, however, or, as far as we know, trying to get him, the managers turned the whole performance into a farce by inviting a man who is not a journalist at all, having simply bought the plant and good will of a newspaper a few months ago, and whose utterances through its columns during that short interval have been so grotesque as to create serious doubts in many quarters as to his sanity.

The result was what might have been expected. He treated the Convention to two or three columns of buffoonery, which could not have appeared appropriately anywhere but in the *Bloomingdale Weekly Chronicle*. We can recall nothing in the history of the newspaper press which would do so much as this incident to justify the abuse and contempt which a portion of the public is in the habit of heaping on it. We do not believe any organization representing an honest calling has ever before so deliberately offered itself and its constituency to the ridicule of civilized man. If the Shepard address was meant to be a joke, it ought to have been delivered after the proceedings were over, as a separate and distinct entertainment. But even then it would have been open to the criticism that it was too long and elaborate even for a farce, and that, as the public exhibition of the owner of a newspaper, it would tend to degrade the press generally in the popular eye. If, on the other hand, it was seriously offered and seriously received, what are we to think of the intelligence and general equipment of the conductors of the daily press? If this stuff passes as "editorial philosophy," people will naturally say, can anything be more preposterous than the claim of editors to be considered in any sense public instructors? What function have they to which a child or a lunatic is not equal?

The Shepard joke was a legitimate one enough as long as it was kept within proper limits. Nobody can prevent a rich fool or ignoramus from buying a newspaper and playing the buffoon in it, and it would be unfair, and perhaps unwise, even if it were possible, to keep his contemporaries from getting all the fun they can out of him. But if he is deliberately selected as the mouthpiece of the profession on a serious occasion, in order that the members may have a laugh over his folly and incoherence, the legitimate bounds of humor are transgressed, and we get into the region of unseemly and mischievous bouffe.

LONDON LABOR.

The London strike, which, as we write, has not yet been settled, promises to be a serious affair for London, whichever way it ends. If the dock companies give in and continue to employ the same number of men, they must recoup themselves by raising their charges, and to raise their charges is to drive away shipping from the port. At this moment the stock of all the dock companies except the Millwall pays no dividends, and the price is correspondingly low. The Alexandra sells at 17, the East and West India at 22, the London and St. Katharine's at 42, the Millwall at 85. All are laboring under heavy debts in the shape of preferred stock and debentures, or mortgage bonds, as we call them. Even before the strike occurred the outlook for them was becoming very serious, owing to the fact that London has been for some time declining as what is called a "distributing centre." The last great strike, which took place there eight years ago, and was the first blow to its commercial supremacy, was that of the shipwrights, and was quite as senseless as this one, but was supported by the same amount of sentimental palaver from philanthropists and clergymen. It took place on the eve of a great decline in the demand for shipping, and was persisted in in spite of the fullest explanations as to its probable results, until it absolutely killed shipbuilding on the Thames. When it was over, the trade was extinct, and some of the greatest ship-yards in the world were closed for good. The business had gone to the Clyde, where it has remained almost ever since.

The telegraph and the tramp steamers and the great extension of railroads have been sapping London's strength as a

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seaport, as, indeed, that of all the great entrepôts of the world. Constantinople, which has, ever since its capture by the Turks, been the great market in which the traders of Persia, Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, and Arabia bought their goods, is fast losing this position. The distribution, thanks to steam and the telegraph, is now more and more made from a dozen little ports in the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf. Venice, in spite of the Suez Canal, can, for the same reason, never get back the trade which the capture of Constantinople took from her; nor can Trieste or any other port in the Mediterranean take her place. Vienna, which once supplied Hungary and all the countries on the Lower Danube with most of their western comforts and luxuries, is ceasing to do so, and is, in many respects, a declining city, less and less frequented by strangers. In other words, all over the world the producer is coming into more direct contact with the consumer, to the destruction of the vast commission business of the last six centuries.

The consequence of all this is, that the London strike is really a demand that a very large body of men shall be supported in comfort by an impoverished concern. It very much resembles the strike of the Belgian and French coal-miners a few years ago against coal companies which had not for years paid any dividends, and is indeed based on the theory, which we have frequently exposed here, that any one who is once hired by an individual or firm has a valid claim for employment, at wages fixed by himself, on that individual or firm for an indefinite period, whether the employer can afford it or not. It comes, too, as the direct result of the drift of population away from the land which is to-day one of the most striking phenomena of English economy. Go where one will in England to-day, one is met by the scarcity of farm laborers. The young men will not stay on the farms and bear the monotony of agricultural life. They go to London to seek their fortunes, their imagination filled with the cheap-literature stories of city doings, and, when they get there, join the great army who live by "odd jobs," and soon have their heads filled with the new gospel that a capitalist who employs anybody is bound to maintain him in decent circumstances as long as he requires it. The encouragement given to such theories by men like Canon Liddon and Cardinal Manning is one of the most deplorable features of these crises, because it is difficult for the unlettered man to believe that stark, staring absurdity can find refuge in the heads of doctors of divinity; and yet, in economical matters, it is too often true. The more the dock companies agree to do for the "odd-job" men, the more of them will come to compete for the business; and the more resulting suffering there is among them, the more heartless and tyrannical will the companies appear.

THE FUTURE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—I.

OREGON, August, 1889.

Two years ago, when I visited Southern California for the first time, it was in the midst of its extraordinary real-estate and business boom. All the hotels in Los Angeles were overcrowded, the post-office almost unable to get through with its business, the city growing like an asparagus stalk after an April shower, and the demand for labor so great that the workmen could practically dictate their own terms. The smaller towns and would-be towns had also caught the infection, and were building huge hotels, cement sidewalks, and street-car lines; not because it was supposed that towns of 2,000 inhabitants needed such things, but in order to be able to advertise in Eastern papers and in real-estate circulars that the place had street-car lines, cement sidewalks, and hotels "with all the modern conveniences." Each town printed a special illustrated pamphlet in which its unique attractions as compared with all rivals were set forth, culminating in the claim that its township was the "Italy of America," or of the West; while San Diego brought maters to a climax by styling itself "the Italy of Southern California."

On returning to Los Angeles County last January, I found everywhere evidences that the boom had collapsed. The street-car lines in the small towns barely paid expenses, though it was regarded as an act of local patriotism to ride on them; and the cement sidewalks, which had been prolonged far into the fields, had failed to charm into existence the rows of houses that had been looked for. In the metropolis itself workmen were grumbling at insufficient employment, merchants clamored that their rents were 50 per cent. too high, many store windows were pasted with closing-out notices, real-estate offices were no longer as abundant as saloons, and the book-stores, more wretchedly supplied than those of any town of 10,000 in the United States, were even selling the twenty-cent paper novels at "cut rates." The newspapers of Northern California, of Oregon, Washington, and other Western States as far east as Kansas, which had long been jealous of the prosperity of Southern California, and desired a boom of their own, crowed loudly over the "busted boom" of Los Angeles, while the papers of that city, no longer compelled by the pressure of real-estate advertisements to add two or four extra pages to their issues, had daily editorials to disprove the allegations of their envious rivals.

An unprejudiced observer, interested only in the climate and the scenery, and not in the real estate, of Southern California, could not but admit, from the signs just noted, that these "envious rivals" were right in insisting that the boom had collapsed; but the inferences drawn from this fact, that Southern California had been overpraised and that its road was to be down hill in the future, were absurd. Southern California cannot be overpraised, and, in my humble opinion, its future prospects are brighter than those of any other portion of the United States. To a large extent the late boom was nothing but a huge gambling scheme, an epidemic of wild land-speculation, which carried along in its rush thousands of thoughtless victims, like the mad stampede for Oklahoma. Southern Californians knew better than others that the sudden rise in their land prices was artificially stimulated and would be followed by a reaction, but they were bound to make hay while the sun shone, and found to their delight that the sun shone longer in California than elsewhere, in the metaphorical sense as well as in reality. At last the storm came and swept away many of the "tenderfeet," or late comers, and their new buildings, whose débris is now lying about, so to speak, and is pointed at as a terrible warning and lesson; but the only lesson it does teach is that people should avoid real-estate gambling. The fragments of the ruins will soon be cleared away, and then it will be found that, although many individuals have suffered during the storm, the country as a whole has been benefited by it.

In many cases the large, useless hotels built in the small towns have already been secured at a bargain for school buildings, and in the larger cities many public works have been provided which, without the artificial stimulus of the boom, would have been postponed to the indefinite future, as, for instance, the long flume, costing almost a million of dollars, which now provides San Diego and vicinity with abundant pure water, and will do more to develop the resources of the country than the discovery of several gold mines. Los Angeles made the great mistake of not building a sewer to the sea during flush times, and now suffers under the disadvantage of vitiated air, which, if not speedily remedied, will destroy its reputation as a health resort. In other respects Los Angeles is already recovering from the effects of the collapse. Fine new buildings are again going up, the streets are always animated, and the cable-car tracks have been lately prolonged into the picturesque hilly region behind the city, which affords the finest imaginable sites for suburban cottages, with superb views of the mountains and a glimpse of the Pacific Ocean, fourteen miles away. Though founded in 1781, Los Angeles had less than 5,000 inhabitants in 1860, and only 13,000 in 1880, while to-day it has 75,000 or more. Thirteen years ago no railroad connected it with other parts of the world, while to-day it is one of the greatest railroad centres in the West. And as it still remains, what it always was, unsurpassed by any city in the world for climatic and scenic advantages, it has every reason to look forward to a prosperous and brilliant future—provided that a sewer is built at once.

Southern California includes five counties—Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Ventura, San Bernardino, and San Diego—embracing, as General N. A. Miles points out, "a territory nearly the size of the State of New York, and with natural resources of ten times its value." This seems a big statement, but its truth can be realized, without the use of figures, by considering that these five counties are capable of supplying the United States with all the figs, raisins, prunes, wine, olives and olive oil, oranges, lemons, nuts, and canned fruits that are now imported from France, Italy, and Spain; most of them, with proper care, equal in quality if not superior to the imported articles. Although large quantities of all these fruits are already raised, they are a mere trifle compared to what the soil is capable of yielding to a larger population. It has been proved over and over again that ten to twenty acres of good irrigable land are all that is needed to support a family, and there is therefore room for hundreds of thousands of immigrants. However, it is candidly admitted that Southern California is a land of more promise to the farmer who has at his disposal a capital of a few thousand dollars than to the emigrant who brings with him little but a team and a pair of muscular arms; for improved land, with bearing vines and fruit trees, costs from $100 to $500 an acre, while unimproved land, though it may be had for one-fifth those prices ($20 to $100), yields no return for several years, unless grain is raised; for all of the semi-tropical fruits above named require from three or four to ten years before a profitable crop is yielded.

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And yet personal observation has led me to believe that there are special opportunities in this region precisely for the farmer with limited means, if he is willing to curb his ambition and content himself with dairy farming and the raising of poultry on a large scale for the market. The farmers now settled in Southern California are so ambitious to become orange, olive, or vineyard kings that they entirely neglect the farmyard, and have hardly enough milk and butter and vegetables for home consumption. It is almost impossible in any part of Southern California to get a good piece of beef or mutton, and chickens are imported by the car-load from Kansas and other "Eastern" States, and sold at absurdly high prices at Los Angeles, although in this mild climate it is easy to raise chickens all the year round, and I have myself seen splendid broods of young ones grow up in about half the time they need in the East to reach a marketable size, the simple precaution being taken of providing them with dry housing during rainy nights. If this is not done, their growth is remarkably retarded, and many of them become diseased, and, if not killed or isolated, will infect a whole yardful of poultry. Cattle raising, too, must prove profitable in a region where the animals can feed on the green foothills and valleys all the "winter," and in summer eat the sun-dried grass or clover which covers the whole country. The wild, clover-like alfileria, which furnishes most of this natural hay, grows in profusion along the roadsides and in the meadows, and even fills up the empty patches in the cactus fields. After the spring rains it attains a height of ten to fifteen inches, with a dozen plants to the square inch, and is so juicy and tender that one can mow it down with a cane or with the hands; and a week later it is as high as if it had never been cut. It looks so luscious and sweet as to almost make one long to be a cow or a sheep in order to be really "in clover" for once. Again, the cultivated clover, or Chilian alfalfa, if sufficiently irrigated, yields half-a-dozen or more crops of hay a year, which makes the sweetest butter and meat in the world. Yet the Southern Californians, as I have just said, import most of their butter and meat; consequently, if any farmers should undertake to supply the local market with home-made products, fresher and cheaper, because with no freight charges on them, they would have a sure source of prosperity before them. It is probable that the drought of 1863–64 discouraged the cattle business; but there has been none since that time, and, with the present railway facilities and a reasonable foresight in storing hay, no disaster need be feared in the future. Moreover, one of the best and cheapest kinds of cattle food, pumpkins, as large as beer-barrels, can be raised here by the thousand with hardly any trouble and expense. Sometimes they lie in a field so densely that one might almost walk over it without touching the ground; and I saw several fields in which hundreds of fine pumpkins, for which the farmers had no use, owing to the scarcity of cattle, were left to rot on the ground.

Before purchasing land in California of the South, it is well that the investor should have made up his mind in regard to what branch of agriculture he wishes to devote himself to. For although it is one of the chief advantages of this soil that it can be made to produce most of the fruits of the temperate and semi-tropical, and some of the tropical zones, yet each township or locality has its special adaptedness for this or that product, and to ignore this is to labor under disadvantages. Thus, Riverside and vicinity has been found most favorable to the culture of the orange, because the destructive scale-bug does not flourish here as it does nearer to the coast. Of lemons the finest specimens are grown near the Mexican border, in San Diego County, which also furnishes some of the best raisins and olives. Santa Barbara County yields the finest pampas plumes and the best walnuts, and Los Angeles County is still the wine centre of the South, notwithstanding the ravages of the mysterious vine disease. The conclusion, too, is being gradually reached that for vineyards the foothills are the best localities, since in Europe all the best vines are raised on the hillsides. Plants of a distinctly tropical type also, like tea, bananas, etc., might perhaps be successfully raised on the lower foothills, which have an immunity from the light frost that occasionally, in winter and spring, visits the lowlands near the ocean. And besides these facts, it is well to know that in the same locality the soil often presents great differences, so that in a twenty-acre field one-half may be well adapted for the orange or olive, while the other half needs a different crop. Above all things, "tenderfeet" should beware of buying land immediately after the spring rains, for then the whole face of the country is covered with a rich carpet of grass and flowers, so that it is difficult to distinguish the good land from the sand-bottomed site of a former river bed, useless for anything but cactus.

Finally comes the most important of all questions—the facilities for irrigation. Grain, if sown in winter or early spring, ordinarily needs only the regular rains of the season to reach maturity, and there are localities where many other crops can be raised without irrigation; but these are the exception, and as a general thing the semi-tropical fruits which constitute the specialty of Southern California, need water for profitable culture. So well is this now understood that it is a favorite joke of the natives to say that if you pay for the air and water, they will throw in the land gratis. Fortunately there are no fewer than six sources from which crops are supplied with water, if we include rain. For small vegetable or flower gardens sufficient water can be raised by means of windmills, which are kept in brisk motion every afternoon by the sea-breeze in the whole region within twenty or thirty miles of the ocean, except during two or three of the "rainy months," when they are not needed. These mills also supply the kitchen, and it is curious to note how cold the water remains in the large tanks exposed all day long to a semi-tropical sun. Much of the water used in town and orchard is supplied by artesian wells, which, however, occur only in certain belts, especially in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties, although none of these, I believe, equal one dug in Sonoma County last winter, which is 115 feet deep, cost only $200, and yields almost half a million gallons every day. Rivers of the size of the Sacramento, or those of Oregon, Southern California has none, but there are some smaller rivers and a large number of creeks, fed by the mountain snows, which are tapped in two ways for irrigating purposes—on the surface and below the bed. The surface water is often carried many miles in ditches, and wise is the community which lines its ditch at once with cement, else in summer it loses almost two-thirds of its water supply by absorption on the way. The Santa Ana River, which is quite a respectable stream in winter, and after rains becomes a formidable torrent, liable to overflow its banks and change its channel (thereby causing boundary disputes), is in summer tapped so freely that its bed becomes dry, and not a drop reaches the ocean.

Much more curious than this surface tapping, however, is the tunnelling, by means of which the water which has buried itself beneath the sandy river-bed, as if to escape the merciless pillaging of the hot sun and the greedy farmers, is brought to the surface again and utilized. It is in this way that the Santa Ana River is despoiled of its last drop, and the value of this procedure may be estimated from the statement made by the San Bernardino *Times*, that "the Ontario Land Company has driven a tunnel in under San Antonio Creek, a distance of nearly 1,800 feet, at a cost of about $52,000, and they have about 250 inches of water worth a quarter of a million of dollars." As it hardly ever rains during the summer, all the water thus drawn off the rivers in the irrigating season comes from the springs and the melting snows in the mountains. This is just about sufficient for the present needs of the population, but no fears need be entertained for the future, since, as the rural population increases, it will become profitable to expend large sums in building reservoirs in the cañons to store the abundant winter water which now runs to waste in the ocean. In this way the mountains can be made to yield an absolutely unlimited amount of water, sufficient to support tens of millions; and the lesson taught by the Johnstown disaster will prevent the dams from being carelessly constructed.

HENRY T. FINCK.

A CREMATION AT PÈRE-LACHAISE.

PARIS, August 17, 1889.

THE *crematoire* which the Municipal Council has presented to the city of Paris is situated in the new part of Père-Lachaise, not distant from the famous plot visited by Communists on revolutionary anniversaries. It is conceived in the pure mausoleum style—a noble façade with pillars, cupolas, and dome, a frieze composed of myrtle leaves, with funeral urns of most classic pattern capping all the angles of the building. The architect even anticipated in the plan of ensemble a delicate point—that of concealing behind the dome and frontal of the portico the indispensable chimneys, which, in spite of their delicate carving, must needs look lugubrious. The temple comprises a vast rotunda under the dome, with aisles to receive the public during the ceremony of incineration. At the back, occupying the whole width of the building, are the three furnaces, with anterooms provided with elevators which bring the caskets from the ground floor.

While the edifice is not yet completed, the three cupolas at the back under which are the three ovens are finished. Those at the right and left only are in use. The space intended for the middle one is reserved as a reception-room for the mourners during the ceremony. The Paris crematoire has in this a great advantage over that of Milan, the second one in Europe, inasmuch as the latter includes no reception-room, and the family and friends are brought face to face with the operation—a trying ordeal—and have to remain to the end in sight of the oven.

Since the law authorizing "la liberté des funerailles" was passed, the partisans of cremation have scored but a few obscure cases. The first one on record in Paris was entered January 30, 1889. It is only during the last two months that anything like statistics exists. Thirty incinerations were recorded during that period—a small figure in comparison with the 8,000 burials representing the average of mortality in Paris for eight weeks. Last Monday the cremation of M. Gagneur, Representative

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for the Department of Jura, added the most distinguished French name to the record; his example has attracted some attention, and is considered a step in favor of this funeral rite.

The first impression as one approaches the crematoire is a not unpleasant one. The well-kept lawn and crimson geranium hedges that surround it relieve the depression one may have felt on the way. Such a sad ceremony could not be begun under better auspices, I thought, as the cortège following the late Deputy passed between the double file of the sky-blue-coated keepers of Père-Lachaise that kept watch at the gates. The procession halted at the foot of the high stairs. The family of the deceased ascended the steps and passed into the reception-hall. Those of the friends who wished to be present as the body was committed to the flames, repaired to the room in front of the furnace chamber, where the elevator would deposit the casket. This part of the ceremony of cremation can be mitigated. The room in itself is forbidding, with its sable hangings, and suggests the mediæval torture-chamber. The iron truck on wheels standing in the middle looks, indeed, very like the old rack upon which the Inquisition made converts. The truck bears a long iron tray covered with a sheet of asbestos. Upon it is placed the coffin, made of light pine wood in order to offer the least resistance to the flames. All is ready: a black curtain is drawn aside and reveals the oven, a simple brick structure with double doors. These are opened, and the truck briskly pushed into the mouth of the furnace, whence it is withdrawn by a crank, leaving tray and coffin within. The black curtain is closed, and the superintendent of the crematoire marks the time.

A gust of hot air had filled the room, and the friends who had paid the last farewell returned to the waiting-hall bathed with perspiration. One of them mounted the tribune to pronounce a eulogy on the deceased, absent from the catafalque heaped with wreaths. Several speeches followed, but what was uttered from the dolorous rostrum was of personal interest. The last speaker alone, a member of the Municipal Council, discoursed on cremation from a hygienic and philosophic standpoint. Some audible assents encouraged him, but sympathy was not unanimous. The truth is, many were impressed with a sense that we were listening to the advocate of a school whose creed is annihilation, rather than witnessing a funeral rite renewed after eighteen centuries of Christianity.

The ceremony of cremation as celebrated to-day has one great drawback—its duration. During the interval that elapses between the committing of the body to the flames and the collecting of the ashes, time hangs heavy on the hands of the mourners. If prayers are dispensed with, funeral eloquence is taxed to fill the space of an hour and more to the exclusion of ennui. There is bound to be a hiatus extremely restless, uncomfortable, and awkward to say the least. For my own part, I do not think the recourse suggested by one of the apostles of cremation on the occasion in question—to smoke a cigarette behind the building—the last word of correctness at a funeral. Undoubtedly this assumption of stoicism finds its explanation in a hidden desire to react against sentimentality.

Close upon an hour had elapsed since the corpse was placed in the furnace, when the mysterious curtain was again drawn aside. In turn we advanced, and, armed with a small pane of glass to protect the eyes from the glare, looked through the holes of the furnace. In the vortex of flames the remains appeared like a burning heap of vine branches. The superintendent announced that the operation would soon be at an end. In the interim we went down stairs. What we saw was simply the arrangement of a high furnace in a foundry, fed from the bottom. The fire never goes out—not from constant need of it, as has already been explained, but on account of the time required to get the proper degree of caloric. Four or five hours of active firing are necessary to bring it to the proper pitch, 600° to 800°. In the beginning wood was employed at the crematoire—light, very well seasoned wood, the same as used at the factory at Sèvres. It was found too expensive and too slow; it required for one cremation five hundred kilogrammes of wood. Now the heating is done with coke, which is much cheaper, and reduces the cost of the ceremony to about $20, while the conflagration of the gases shortens the duration of the time.

The formation of a columbarium has been begun in the crypt. There are already a half-score of tiers, including each some twenty-five partitions, into which can be deposited the diminutive sarcophagi—0.45 by 0.15 centimetres—oblong earthenware boxes that have nothing in common with that triumph of the potter's art, the funeral urn of the ancients. Shall we add that the fashion of 1889 has ordained no shelves to hold the lachrymatory vases? I noticed only two partitions occupied, closed with marble slabs bearing the names and dates. Such is the dream of the enthusiastic cremationist—to file and store away in a comparatively moderate space the remains of a great city. For an idea how easily it can be realized, let the reader reckon the thousands of letter-boxes that could be accommodated on both sides of the corridor in the New York post-office.

Our meditations were interrupted by a whistle from up stairs notifying the firemen on duty to slacken the fire by closing the valves that act as bellows. We ascended to find the iron tray back on its movable truck in the middle of the room. The asbestos covering was rosy, as if still bearing the reflection of the flames. A small heap of bones, rosy too, bore witness that the work of destruction was accomplished. Where the feet had rested, smouldered a few scraps of charcoal, which some one explained had been placed in the casket as a disinfectant. These scraps had resisted the fire longer than the body, and were still burning after an hour and twenty-five minutes had elapsed. The diminished remains gave rise to an exclamation from one of the spectators: "What, not even the skull preserved, witness of the fine intelligence that can act no more!"

The iron tray was fast being cooled by a current of water that passed along the sides. A couple of silver tongs, a silver shovel, and a small broom made of bristly wires served to clear the remains from the sheet of asbestos growing less rosy every moment. It yielded less dust than was expected; in fact, there was very little to gather, and the employees gave their attention chiefly to collecting the remnants of bone, which they did very respectfully in spite of the almost unbearable heat. The small quantity of dust seemed to disappoint some of the spectators. The same one who had already raised his voice remarked harshly that the Romans gathered all the residue without any reservation; that in the present instance the waste was indecent. His neighbor, an old man and a great savant—one, no doubt, who shared with Cuvier the belief that one bone alone is sufficient to reconstruct the entire frame of poor humanity—responded, as it having but half caught his meaning: "With acids this dust would be very profitable to agriculture." What followed was lost to me in a biting rejoinder from another source, that cremation had still to find the mathematician who could regulate it properly.

Is there not something more lacking? It was only when the small oblong sarcophagus was enclosed in an oaken casket a trifle larger, and borne by carriers to the vault where it was deposited, that the ceremony seemed to lack solemnity, even sacredness. One lost sight, as it were, of the fact that we were following the remains of a fellow-creature to their last resting-place—which proves, after all, how much depends upon forms. Sentiment, in such matters, is and always will be the sovereign master. Mankind has developed in a familiar poetry the idea of the symbolic rest in the bosom of mother earth, and too many pilgrims cherish this image to accept a scientific disposal of the mortal casing that begins by curtailing the length of the last bed.

LECOCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

THE FINE ARTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

IV.—JULES BRETON, LHERMITTE, JULIEN DUPRÉ, BENJAMIN-CONSTANT — LANDSCAPE PAINTING—CAZIN.

PARIS, August 9, 1889.

JULES BRETON, the oldest of the painters of peasant life, is represented in the exhibition of works of living artists by ten canvases. One of these is a portrait, another, "The Miner's Daughter," a head of a girl painted in out-door light; the rest are pictures of the farm and the village—two being sketches rather than finished pictures. One of these last is the sketch for his "Twilight in a Hamlet of Finistère," and seems more full and rich in color than the picture sold in New York at the Seney sale. "Young Girls Going to the Procession," a picture of considerable size and similar in subject and in composition to the "First Communicants," which brought such a fantastic price at the Morgan sale, is not a remarkable work. Breton is best seen here in a smaller picture with a single figure, a peasant woman returning from the fields at evening, called "L'Étoile du Berger," a picture recalling his earlier and better manner when this undeniably talented artist thought more of his art for its own sake than he has seemed to do of late.

The influence of the annual Salon is transforming landscape painting in France into the painting of panoramas. With a glorious past, including Corot and Daubigny, Rousseau and Diaz (and even Harpignies and Jules Dupré, though still alive), many of the landscape painters of to-day apparently have no other object in view in their work than to spread out a motive on ten feet of canvas, and draw and model it in monochrome. The drawing is in general excellent, and in this direction there is marked progress in the average of the work; the modelling leaves little to be desired in the way of breadth and solidity. But though the values at first glance look studied, and the pictures have a specious air of truth to nature, we find that it is not truth at all; that there is no air in the pictures, and for the ever-varying modifications of the local color under atmospheric conditions—the influence of sunlight on the hills and trees in the distance, the red and yellow in the lights, the blue in the shadows, for example—there is substituted an unchanging local tint, say a green, which, approaching truth in the foreground, is attenuated in the middle distance, but still remains the same green, is further diluted with a little white and blue fur-

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ther off; and if then there remain other parts of the motive that cannot be made to conform to this miserable means for simulating values, there are at hand on the palette convenient mixtures of weak gray or wishy-washy purple. With these the parts are filled in, and swiped together with a facile brush into a semblance of light and air. It is deplorable. I do not believe that it has come to pass from any shirking of difficulties in the beginning, for there is too much honesty in the work in other ways. Most of these landscapes are admirably drawn, many of them show great cleverness in the arrangement of the composition. A few are really fine in this respect. But a landscape painted on an easel canvas is lost in the Salon. It may be a delicate piece of color like a Corot, or a rich one like a Rousseau; it will not be remarked in the flood of big canvases, or, if remarked, it will not show at its true value surrounded by the "noisy" pictures painted up to the highest possible key to stand the glare of the large galleries. So the landscape-painters have gradually made their pictures bigger, and pushed the key higher and higher, until they have arrived at the sort of things we see here in the Champ de Mars.

Distinction and refinement of color on such a scale are impossible; the picture must strike at first glance, and not be killed by its neighbors. Here is a strong, broadly handled canvas by Binet, one of the best of the younger men, called "The Plain"—a wide stretch of country covering a vast meadow in the foreground, one or two villages and clumps of woods in the middle distance, and a long range of hills at the horizon. The sky is rolled up with clouds high above, a great expanse of masses of white and gray. It is exceedingly well done. There is evident study in the drawing of the clouds, in the modelling of the ground, in the way the dark masses of the woods are placed to break up the monotonous horizontal lines of the plain and the hills. Yet how uninteresting it is, after all, and what a small amount of pleasure there is to be got out of such a picture! It is all seen at once, and there is no depth, no delicate blending of a hundred tints into a harmonious whole, no quiet reserve of color, no sober tones here putting in relief the gayer notes there; little more than a dexterous superficiality. To the works of Yon, a man of a great deal of ability; to those of Saïn, Rapin, Dameron, Saintin, Barau, Nozal, Le Poitevin, Joubert, Le Marié des Landelles, Petitjean, Diéterle, Boudot, and others of less talent, these remarks are pertinent. There are others, again, such as Montenard and Gagliardini, who catch the eye in another fashion. These are painters of sunlight. Their process is to force up the colors in the lights with white, opposing other cruder tints, a little lower in value, to set off the most brilliant ones, and exaggerating the shadows. The effect is striking enough, without doubt; but how much truer are some of Guillaumet's pictures, in which the sunlight burns with scorching heat, but where there is air through it all, and not a single discordant note.

Pelouze—the new school shows a marked influence from his work—has not changed either for better or worse. There are ten of his pictures here. No man knows better than he how to paint these big pictures. They are the best of their kind—full of knowledge, vigorously, unhesitatingly painted, marvels of skill, but never rising to the higher qualities of beauty and distinction. He is seen at his best in "Morning in the Woods in Franche-Comté" and "Evening at the Farm," in which the present tendencies of French landscape painting appear in their least unfavorable aspect. In Guillemet, Hanoteau, Bernier, Zuber, in Émile Breton, in Pointelin and Demont, whose works are among those not to be included in the list of scenic pictures, there is much to admire. Guillemet is particularly to be noted, for though he is not exactly a colorist, his pictures have a considerable amount of color quality, and they are anything but superficial. Hanoteau and Bernier made their reputations twenty years ago, and have remained faithful to sound traditions. Of the old school, Jules Dupré and Français, both of whom are represented here, are to be mentioned, principally because their work of to-day is of interest to us from what they have done in the past. Harpignies, a sturdy master of form, a draughtsman such as there are few of, an analyst and a thinker whose work is sure to last, can be studied in eight excellent pictures. He cannot be called a colorist—indeed, he seems to be too much occupied with form to search for color harmonies; but in so far as color is an element in his pictures it is truthful and consistent in all its parts. He never descends to the tricky devices I pointed out as the prevalent evil in so much of the present landscape painting, is always honest and never perfunctory. A composition of a group of naked trees in a picture called "Victim of Winter," is handsome in its elegant simplicity. In "Solitude" and "The Banks of the Loing" are to be found some of the best qualities of the true *paysagiste:* beauty of line, unity of tone, and simplicity of expression. Harpignies has long been a force in the development of landscape painting; much of what is best in it now—good drawing and composition—is traceable to his influence.

Two younger painters of the life of the fields have become prominent in the past ten years, and both are worthy. Lhermitte is the abler man of the two. Julien Dupré is, by comparison, a trifle superficial, and does not seem to be so much in sympathy with his subjects. Lhermitte as a colorist is far from satisfying in his two large pictures shown here, "The Harvest" and "Wine." The picture now in the Metropolitan Museum, called "The Vintage," is infinitely better in this respect. There is research of character, the types are truthful, and the rendering is broad and soberly conceived. What is deplorable is the size of these compositions; the figures are even larger than life. Reduced to a third on an easel canvas, the pictures might be painted with some thought of color harmony. As they are, the painter is not able to do much more than color his figures and their environment in certain tints more or less truthful-looking when viewed in their ensemble, but entirely lacking in the harmonies of local color. The charcoal drawings by this artist to be found in another part of the exhibition are on this account more satisfying, for he is not concerned in them with color at all, and we are not distressed by its insufficiency, as we do not expect it.

Julien Dupré, though he paints his simple subjects on a large scale, too, at times, succeeds better as regards color. It is fresh and bright without much depth, but with considerable variety, and answers the purpose—not much more. His picture of "Milking Time," from the Salon of 1888, and "Haymaking," both large canvases, are good examples of his skill. Both are well drawn and soundly painted, but neither has a breath of art—of that sort of art we find in Millet's work, I mean, where the peasants are real peasants who toil in the fields and look as if they belonged there. There is more of that in Lhermitte, but between him and Millet there is a long gap.

Benjamin-Constant is one of the few men in France to-day who paint a large canvas without forgetting that there is such a thing as color. He is a competent draughtsman as well. In his exhibition here his methods are best exemplified in two works, "Les Chérifas" and the decorative panels for the new Sorbonne. "Les Chérifas," two women in a dimly lighted room hung with heavy stuffs and carpeted with rich rugs, is one of those pictures of life in the Orient with which the painter's name is identified. It is not superficially colored, with glowing notes here and there, without regard to values, as many pictures of these subjects by other painters are. A vast number have been painted by Frenchmen, but only three before Benjamin-Constant have done them so well as to require special mention: Delacroix, Henri Regnault, and Guillaumet. Guillamet, an artist of very great talent who died a few years ago, has perhaps succeeded better than anybody else in reproducing the *couleur locale* of the Orient, and his works are marked by a sobriety of color unusual with painters of these subjects. Benjamin-Constant, while he sometimes uses the Oriental subject, as Delacroix and Regnault did, as a fit theme for the display of puissant color harmonies, also impresses one with a look of truth to the scene itself. In "Les Chérifas" he has apparently tried to be truthful and to produce a color work as well. While it is far from equalling the brilliancy of Delacroix or Regnault in the latter respect, it is yet so good as to make it a very creditable canvas. In the midst of the other big pictures in the galleries where it is hung, huge expanses of dull brown and gray, where the painters seem, after having placed a few figures laid in with conventional tints, to have filled up the rest of the canvas with whatever came handiest in the way of muddy palette scrapings, "Les Chérifas" is remarkable at first glance. Possibly it gains by its surroundings—almost anything with a pretence to real color should; but aside from that it has color quality that deserves recognition of itself without regard to comparisons. In "Les Lettres—L'Académie de Paris—Les Sciences," three vast decorative panels full of figures of heroic size, embracing almost everything from nude or partly draped female figures to doctors in robes of red or yellow or black, we find a distinct determination on the part of the painter to do something more than a composition of figures colored in neutral tints, a convenient way of making a wall decoration which shall not offend by lack of harmony with its surroundings, but which also is sure to be tame unless, as in the case of the work of Puvis de Chavannes, the composition itself is of such beauty and completeness, and the coloration of such delicacy and refinement, as to preclude a desire to see it changed in any way. Benjamin-Constant in this work has painted from a brilliant palette: the primary colors and infinite combinations of them are here laid in in broad, simple masses. It is brilliant, if not distinguished, in the direction of *la grande peinture* at least, even if it does not reach it, and hence commendable. Compared with similar work in the exhibition, where there is no effort to overcome difficulties, but where painters contrive by tricky means to evade them, it is absolutely refreshing.

A young painter of historical subjects, Ernest Bordes, whose success dates from 1884, when he received a third-class medal for a picture, "St. Julien l'Hospitalier," followed by one of the second class in 1886, deserves to be mentioned here for an excellent work, "The Death of Bishop Proetextatus," in which, along with able draughtsmanship and well-studied composition, there is an evident inten-

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tion to *paint*, to preserve the equilibrium of values while searching the actual color in each. This has become so rare with the painters of to-day that it is worth noting whenever found, and it is gratifying to find it here and there in the work of the younger men. There is in this fact some hope that what may be included in the general term of historical painting will not fall into the complete decadence that the contemplation of most of the work of this class in the Champ de Mars gives us good cause to expect in the near future.

It is not necessary to study further in detail the work of individuals in the exhibition. The well-known painters I have not already mentioned are here represented by more or less satisfactory specimens of their art. The average is about the same as it was eight or ten years ago. Vollon, Duez, Jean Beraud, Dantan, Adan, Detaille, Le Blant, Renouf, Courtois, Pille, and Commerre are some of the most notable in the mass of contributors. Mme. Demont-Breton, always a conscientious painter, shows distinct progress over her earlier work, and makes a most creditable exhibition. Norbert Goeneutte, whose subjects are similar to those of Beraud—scenes of Paris life; Raffaelli, a man of much talent, but eccentric in his methods, a searcher after character above everything else; Marius Roy, a clever painter of genre; Guinard, whose exhibition consists of but one picture, but that a very good one—a life-size study of a man feeding a calf—are a few more names worth noting. Meissonier, whose best work occupies a place in the Retrospective Exhibition, is here represented by ten canvases—a portion of what he has produced in the last decade. "The Traveller," a man on horseback beating his way along the road in the face of a storm, is the best of these. A portrait of himself, "bricky" in color and dry in *facture*, is notable for the drawing only.

I have purposely left until the last in this review of landscape painting in France at the present day the work of the one man who stands out prominently as the possessor of a perfectly individual talent, and who is, beyond question, one of the greatest artists of our time. Cazin, though he is most properly classed as a landscape-painter, has also a decorative side in his painting, and frequently introduces figures, sometimes even making them the subjects of his pictures, but never treating them as the chief element, and never concentrating the interest in them at the expense of their surroundings. His "Judith—The Departure," "Tobit," and other pictures shown by him in the Champ de Mars contain figures, but they occupy only equal importance with the landscape. They are in it and a part of it, not accessories, like the shepherd under the trees or the man and the horse in the road, introduced in the conventional landscape for the sake of the opportunity to put in an accenting color note, and yet not absorbing the attention as in the works of the peasant painters, where the landscape is subordinated to the figure. It is best expressed by saying that Cazin is a decorative landscape painter. His landscape and his figures are treated as component parts of one harmonious whole, in which every note of color has its proper place and its proper strength. For Cazin is a colorist, a great colorist—not in the sense that Delacroix is, for example; he is far more sensitive and refined than Delacroix. He more nearly resembles Millet, though more diversified. We shall not be able to describe him by comparison with others, for he possesses something that belongs to none. His color schemes are always quiet and reserved; there is never a sharp contrast, nor what is often called an "effective" play of one high note upon its complementary. The contrasts and the counter-play exist, but they are subdued so that they do not attract notice by themselves; they are effective in the best sense of the word because they make themselves felt only in the ensemble. Analysis, in fact, is disagreeable, for Cazin's work is so delicately impressive that it seems like scraping a portrait by Titian to see how it was painted, to seek out the details of his methods. The result, however attained, is infinitely beautiful. It is beautiful in color, in the sustained unity of the atmospheric effect, in truth, in simplicity, in the charm of that real art that depicts nature with a faithful eye and sympathetic brush, and is infused with the loving tenderness of a poetic temperament. Whether it pleases the public, outside of a select few, I do not know—but moderately I imagine, though Cazin's place among his fellow-artists is a high one. In New York, partly owing to the exclusive worship of other gods, and partly because his best work has never been seen there, he does not hold the rank his marvellous talent entitles him to. I trust it may not be long before he is fully known and appreciated. There is scarcely any living painter whose acquaintance is so well worth making.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

Correspondence.

A NORTHERN SHOOTING AFFAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That the South does not monopolize the reckless use of firearms, that lax notions concerning such recklessness are not confined to the authorities of Southern communities alone, has been illustrated afresh by an incident that came within my observation last week.

The town of Shamokin is one of the largest in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, having a contiguous population of from eighteen to twenty thousand. One of its citizens, Tovey by name, came home from work last Thursday evening to find that his wife was at a picnic and that no supper had been prepared for him. When Mrs. Tovey appeared, a quarrel ensued, in which one Shovlin, the wife's brother, took part. It is not certain which of the men first armed himself, but Tovey procured an axe and Shovlin a revolver. In the fracas Shovlin shot at Tovey four times, without other effect than to collect a great crowd and to frighten the target so badly that he tripped on his axe. Shovlin then went to his brother's house, a few blocks distant, and there spent the night. In the morning he found a policeman, went with him to the Council Chamber, and was fined in the sum of five dollars *for shooting within the borough limits*.

One of the Shamokin evening papers had a full account of the affair, but the editor has not a syllable of censure for this gross abuse of power on the part of the town officials. And yet what an absurd distinction to draw with regard to a boundary line! Had Shovlin been considerate enough to take his brother-in-law outside the borough limits, a tedious and inconvenient journey, to shoot at him with his revolver, all would have been well. But to outrage the councilmanic dignity by trying to murder him in the heart of the town was too reprehensible, and a monumental penalty is necessary to deter future meddlers in family quarrels.

TARPY.

AUGUST 26, 1889.

LYNCH LAW AND CHRISTIANITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sorry to see that the "Southern Pastor" thinks that I have misrepresented him. It seems to me that he must have misrepresented himself and his Christianity; for he says much harder things of himself than any I should ever have dared to write. It is very evident that his "standard of Christianity" and mine do not agree; but this is no place for a religious discussion. However, he says: "If any one that really understands the conditions can suggest a better remedy [than lynch law], no one would welcome it more readily than I." I cannot understand how a minister of "Christ's Gospel" could be obliged to ask any layman for a better remedy than lawless violence for any evil whatsoever. It is astonishing how good people who decry professed Anarchists will at the same time preach Anarchy themselves.

The "Pastor" admits that "the elevation of this barbarism by Christian education is the true method," but adds, "It works a little slowly, and meanwhile must innocence, etc." That is, if a man knows that honesty is the true method of conducting business, but finds "it works a little slowly," he is justified in doing a little stealing to help along the good cause of his fortunes.

In spite of all the "Pastor's" appeal to "the inherent right of self-defence," which, by the way, has been questioned by many Christians, notably the Quakers and the "noble army of martyrs," he misses altogether the main point in dispute, and that is, whether lawless violence is the proper cure for lawless violence. We certainly should not consider a man justifiable who tried to break his child of the habit of swearing by thrashing him and swearing at him during the operation. This "inherent right of self-defence" is too often, in the South, made the excuse for aggressive violence and murder. The reference to "Pinkerton's men" does not help the "Pastor's" argument. The pot should never call the kettle black; it does not help to clean the pot a particle.

I must say finally that I am not a "Northern philanthropist," but a Southerner, born and bred in a slave State, and that my knowledge of Southern chivalry and Southern barbarism has been acquired by personal experience and observation. I regard the characteristic vices of the Southern people as the natural outcome of generations of slavery. Thomas Jefferson has shown that slaveholding not only degrades the slave, but also brutalizes the master. It makes him unreasonable and violent in his temper, ready at all times to resort to force instead of milder and more Christian means. Besides, those who hold or have held slaves come to regard them as a different race of beings, to be governed by different means; and those of the "superior race" are always prone to inflict all manner of barbaric outrages upon their "inferiors," which they would not tolerate a moment if applied to themselves. They utterly fail to see that he who performs or attempts to justify barbaric actions is necessarily a barbarian himself.

WM. SCHUYLER.

WEBSTER GROVES, ME., August 27, 1889.

AMERICAN REPUTATION FOR ILLITERACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just seen a letter in one of your July numbers where your correspondent complains of the general belief among Englishmen in American illiteracy. This reminds me of an experience a short time since in St. John's College, Cambridge. We were wandering

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about with one of the Fellows, who had been cordial and kindly in his attentions to us. As we entered the beautiful dining-hall, my eye fell on a fine portrait of Wordsworth, and I said, "So, this is Wordsworth's college." "It WAS. Wordsworth is dead," was the prompt though gentle correction.

Now for the other side. Later in the day one of the party was looking over some old coins in a curiosity-shop. He bought a three-penny piece of the time of Charles II. Presently he asked the price of a Jubilee six-pence, and was surprised to be asked three times as much as for his three-pence. He said he thought it would be the other way. "Oh," said the man, "a great many people know about the Queen and the Jubilee. Very few people here know or care anything about Charles II." AMERICAN.

MONT ST. MICHEL, August 18, 1889.

WATER-MARKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In No. 1258 of the *Nation* a reviewer raises a question as to the help afforded by water-marks in fixing the date of publishing of any book. The following may be of interest: I have seen a copy of the Aldine (1497) edition of 'Dictionarium Græcum,' in which there are at least six different marks. Of six consecutive sheets or leaves, two have no marks, while the remaining four have marks totally unlike. In these six sheets there are three, if not four, different kinds or qualities of paper distinguishable. WALTER B. SHEPPARD.

PENN YAN, N. Y., August 24, 1889.

SHORT POSTAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I appeal to the charity of the *Nation* for relief from an affliction which, if not grievous, is persistent and useless? I am in more or less continual receipt of letters from unknown friends in America on subjects connected with my letters to the papers or articles on Italian art in the *Century*. Sometimes they are directed to the *Century*, sometimes to Rome, and sometimes to Athens; and generally bearing a two-cent stamp. I have even received a double letter with a two-cent stamp, on which I have had to pay sixteen cents supplementary postage. Sometimes a directed envelope is enclosed with a two-cent stamp affixed. This of course, as any simpleton should know, is wasted. May I notify correspondents that my address is *always and simply* "Rome, Italy"; or, if I should be away from the city, "care of F. M. Handley, Banker," will reach me quicker? I will not, however, any longer notice letters that come to me with a two-cent stamp. Human patience draws the line there. Under no circumstances put *Poste restante* or the address of my apartment, if known, and don't put Esq. after the name.

Yours, with many thanks,

W. J. STILLMAN.

PIEVE DI CADORE, ITALY, August 18, 1889.

A RECTIFICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you kindly permit me to give publicity, through the columns of the *Nation*, to an injustice that has been done me? In my paper on "Iridescent Pottery in Mexico," in the current number of *Harper's Monthly*, I am made to say, "My attention was called by an American visitor to Mexico, some two years ago, to remarkable specimens of iridescent pottery which he had found at Patzcuaro," and later, that I "took up the clue," etc. During Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's visit to Mexico in 1886, I was one day praising to him the strong art instinct of these people, and, in referring to the fact that each section has its own particular style of pottery, whose characteristics readily mark its source, I spoke of the exceeding beauty of an iridescent variety which I had seen in the interior, but whose place of manufacture I knew not. Mr. Warner corrected my phraseology, at first with indulgent superiority, then with some degree of impatience at my insistence, and said: "You may mean highly lustrous pottery, but you cannot mean 'iridescent'; you do not comprehend the true significance of that term; it is out of the question that it be 'iridescent' ware." Then he told me briefly the history of these lustres in Europe.

While I am very ignorant of ceramics, save Mexican varieties, I do believe that I thoroughly understand the exact value of all terms, whose use I may permit myself, of the English language. I was much nettled by Mr. Warner's contradiction, and I assured him that while the ware might be not like that he mentioned, it was surely iridescent, and that I would prove it to him. This was *before* Mr. Warner went to Morelia or Patzcuaro. While he was at Toluca, I found at an Indian fair near Mexico some little jugs of the ware, which I purchased. It chanced that I, with some friends, visited Toluca on the day that Mr. Warner first went to Morelia, he taking the train from which we descended; when we met him on the platform, I laughingly told him that I was ready to make good my "I-told-you-so." On his return from Patzcuaro he brought four or five pieces, miniature cups and goblets, not over two or three inches long, and with barely a trace of the exquisite lustre. I helped him pack them, wrapping them all in a towel for transportation, and I then promised to find and send to him some of the handsome placques of which I had told him.

For over a year I worked hard and constantly to trace this pottery—how hard no one would believe, save those who know the almost insuperable difficulties of obtaining definite or accurate information in Mexico. A few brief lines setting forth these obstacles were eliminated from my paper, like all else tending to show my true part in the matter. Dr. Prime, in his "Introduction" to my paper, says: "Mr. Warner took measures to trace these wares to their origin," and, by implication, that "the result" of those "measures" was my "adventurous journey." The only measure he took was the stimulating, as aforesaid, of my pride and determination by his scepticism, and he had absolutely no other part in the matter. It is true that until Mr. Warner told me I did not know the importance of the beautiful ware, but it is equally true that I first told him, not he me, of its existence.

He knew that I had no resources but the earnings of my pen, yet, notwithstanding all the interest felt by himself and others in obtaining information, no one of them suggested advancing funds to prosecute, and which would have greatly expedited, the discovery. Every penny of the expenses incurred was earned by me by my pen-work, and I have never received any compensation save the usual rates from *Harper's* for my article. I refer to this point only because I think Dr. Prime's wording would give the impression that I was employed to study up the subject. When at last I learned where the pottery was made, I wrote to Mr. Warner, simply as a friend, naming the place and stating my intention to go there shortly. A week or two later I was told that a certain gentleman had gone to the City of Mexico, commissioned by his intimate friend, Mr. Warner, to visit San Felipe and learn the process of making the pottery. I wrote to this gentleman that we might co-operate, but received no answer, nor do I know what truth there was in the rumor of his mission.

A good many people in Mexico had become interested in my sustaining my assertions to Mr. Warner, whose strictures in *Harper's* had aroused some ill-feeling, so that numbers will remember the circumstances as I related them at the time. As soon as I returned from S. Felipe, a railroad employee—I believe he was a conductor—thought he saw profit in the ware, and he exported two car-loads, which he put on sale in the curiosity shops in El Paso, in Santa Fé, in California, and elsewhere. Mr. Warner and Dr. Prime meanwhile wrote to me, saying that they would gladly repay me the costs if I would send them some specimens. I had bought at San Felipe a large crate of the ware, and had it carried on an Indian's back to Guanaxuato, where I repacked it, and shipped it by Wells, Fargo & Co. to Mexico. The express messenger stowed it under a heap of heavy boxes, and much of it was broken. I at once procured more through the agency of friends, and, to insure its safety, carried it in a hand-basket all the way to El Paso, whence I sent to Mr. Warner and Dr. Prime a boxful each, as a present. In view of these circumstances, I think it unfair and ungracious that Dr. Prime should say, describing those pieces, "They had been discovered by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner in a shop in a Mexican city." The notes of the express company, the evidence of parties who saw me pack the ware and ship it from El Paso, and Dr. Prime's own letter of acknowledgment of the box, which he received February 7, 1888 (not "two years ago"), will prove this.

My first account of the expedition was not received by Dr. Prime, to whom Mr. Warner had asked me to send it, and I was out of postal communication much of the time for several months after posting it, being banished to the hot coast lands by the physicians, who pronounced me dying from lung troubles, principally due to exposure incurred on the San Felipe trip. This delayed my paper's appearance nearly a year. I had written also a humorous account of the trip, setting forth how the scepticism of Mr. Warner led up to it; a copy was sent to Mr. Warner of this sketch, which appeared in a leading journal of March 11, 1888.

I am at a loss to know why Dr. Prime should have taken such liberties with my manuscript. Surely Mr. Warner would not prompt or countenance such misrepresentations; it is in naught derogatory to him that he should have been wrong and I right, in a matter relating to a country that he had known but a few days, and I familiarly from childhood. But if Mr. Warner had seen fit to take exceptions to my wording, would not the courteous and just course have been to advise me of such objections, making the employment of the paper contingent upon my optional modification of the phrases which, for the sake of argument, I will say he might have considered vainglorious at his expense? But, no! Mr. Warner himself pronounced the paper "good" and available in a letter which I have before me, and in the course of several weeks that they (he and Dr. Prime) had my paper, awaiting my forwarding of the names of the substances I had sent to be analyzed, they made not the slightest suggestion of such changes, to which I most certainly

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would have not consented, but would have recalled my paper, without filling the blanks in question.

It may be said that the changes are editorial. But, as a point of delicacy, Mr. Warner could not countenance, in an office where he fills an editorial position, alterations which rob me of my just dues to redound to his credit. And although one, to be sure, knows that the manuscripts one offers to a periodical are subject, if accepted, to editing, this relates to matters of form only, and does not authorize the interpolation in a writer's paper, and over his name, of sentiments or statements diametrically the opposite of those he has expressed. Again, the editor of *Harper's* cannot be responsible for the statements so utterly at variance with the facts, in Dr. Prime's introduction to my misused paper. I have written to Mr. Warner, asking him, as the person who put me in communication with Dr. Prime, to see that this wrong is righted; but, lest his absence from home, or other cause, prevent or postpone such act of justice, I appeal to the press to make known the facts, which I declare, by all that I hold most sacred, are as I have stated. Also, as in my isolated place of dwelling I fail to see the current news regularly, I beg that some lover of justice will forward to me anything which may be published in this connection, that my cause may not go by default, as must be if my silence and failure to reply should make me appear to acquiesce in opposing statements. Y. H. ADDIS.

CHIHUAHUA, Mexico, August 7, 1889.

Notes.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS publish this month Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Master of Ballantrae,' and announce besides the second volume of Champlin and Apthorp's 'Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians'; 'Whither? A Theological Question for the Times,' by the Rev. C. A. Briggs; 'Foreign Missions: Their Place in the Pastorate, in Prayer, in Conferences,' by the Rev. Augustus C. Thompson; and 'A Collection of the Letters of Dickens, 1833-1870.' Scribner & Welford will shortly issue 'The Memoir of Count Carlo Gozzi,' translated by John Addington Symonds, with essays of his own on Italian impromptu, comedy, etc.

Franklin's Autobiography is to be printed once more in the Nuggets Series of the Messrs. Putnam, and edited once more by Mr. John Bigelow.

Mr. John T. Morse, jr.'s, biography of Franklin for the American Statesmen Series will appear immediately. 'Two Coronets,' a novel by Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, is also in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'Jacob and Japheth; or, Bible Growth and Religion from Abraham to Daniel,' is in the press of T. Whittaker.

An illustrated translation of W. Heimburg's new novel, 'Lora, the Major's Daughter,' is announced for immediate publication by Worthington Co.

'In and Around Berlin,' by an American lady, Mrs. Norton, will shortly appear with the imprint of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A translation by Mrs. Wilson of Victor Tissot's 'Unknown Switzerland' comes to us from A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Graphic, vivacious, enthusiastic, it will serve as a vivid reminder of past pleasure to those who have witnessed the scenes it describes, and to inspire the untravelled with desire to see for themselves. Stories, anecdotes, accounts of manners and customs, and fragments of history diversify the diligence-travel and mountain-climbing. Our author detests the large hotels, the dress-coat waiter, Cook's tourists, the mountain railways; and, as the book's name implies, he deals largely with the less commonplace experiences in Swiss sight-seeing. We hear, for instance, much of La Gruyère, very little or nothing of Chamouni or the Rigi. The faults of the translation interfere but slightly with the pleasurableness of the book.

The appearance of the twenty-second annual issue of Poor's indispensable 'Railroad Manual,' for 1889, calls for no remark that has not been repeated twenty times. The preface will be found very instructive, especially on its retrospective side, cognizance being taken of the republic's having begun its second century this year. A population of 4,000,000 in 1789 has grown to 65,000,000, and, in the sixty years ending in 1888, has built for itself 156,082 miles of railroad, at a rate since 1865 of 5,260 miles per annum. Mr. Poor estimates the number of railroad employees at six per mile (say 936,000); the number of employees in affiliated and dependent industries at five per mile (780,000). These, with their families, make a total of 8,850,000, or nearly a seventh of the population. One can readily imagine the influence of this interest on legislation in favor of free exchange and against protection, could it ever be consciously exerted in this direction. But we well know that ignorance and selfishness abound even in the highest walks of railroading as of manufactures.

Two or three medical books of the present year have a general interest. Dr. J. L. Corning's 'Treatise on Headache and Neuralgia' (E. B. Treat) is from the pen of a prolific writer upon neurology. It gives a layman the impression that the author must know a good deal about a subject upon which he writes so much; but the frequent technicalities deny to such a reader much direct benefit. To the profession it would probably be more acceptable if less diffuse. The index is not as complete as a book intended for reference requires. The same publisher sends us a revised edition of the late Dr. Beard's 'Nervous Exhaustion,' edited by Dr. Rockwell, a suggestive book by an original man. Its style is more discursive than directly didactic, and the author's enthusiasm colors some of the statements. Dr. Beard's enthusiasm, however, did much to stimulate attention to functional nervous diseases. In certain social circles, or planes, it is confidently believed that the doctors take out damaged eyes, and, after repair, replace them, and that silver plates inserted in the skull are the correct finish for trepanning. Achievements nearly as startling are becoming actual every-day affairs in surgery, as we are reminded by a reprint of Dr. De Forest Willard's paper 'On Osteotomy for Anterior Curves of the Legs' (*Med. and Surg. Reporter*). The plain English of osteotomy is bone-cutting. Children whose legs utterly fail as locomotive agents by reason of eccentric and numerous curves, have them rectified and made useful by skilful treatment, which in this case means wonderful fractures and cuttings of bone. The author frankly remarks that he has "never ventured beyond six osteotomies at one time," although he adds, "as high as ten have been performed." The degraded physical life that has resulted in such travesties of limbs is frightful to contemplate, while the courage and tender cruelty by which this remarkable mechanical reformation is accomplished are worthy of all praise.

Seldomer than one could wish does one find in the *Magazine of American History* substantial contributions to knowledge like Mr. Robert Stiles's article in the September number, "Lincoln's Restoration Policy for Virginia." Messrs. Hay and Nicolay should be thankful for it when their narrative reaches this point—so near the end—of President Lincoln's career. Mr. Stiles, touching the famous interview with Judge Campbell, on board Admiral Porter's flagship below Richmond on April 5, 1865, quotes the Admiral's 'Incidents of the Civil War' and Grant's 'Memoirs,' which contradict each other as to Porter's being present, but agree in stating that the President, then and there, gave Gen. Weitzel an order to permit the Legislature of Virginia to meet at once for the purpose of bringing the State back into the Union. Admiral Porter also represents himself to have quickly changed Mr. Lincoln's mind, and to have pursued and recalled the order. Mr. Stiles proves, as we think, that this order was sent subsequently from City Point by the President. But his main contention is, that Mr. Lincoln was the author and sponsor of the call on April 11 for a meeting of the General Assembly, and that only on the 13th did he, in Washington, at Secretary Stanton's instance, change his mind and with his own hand prohibit the meeting. Gen. Grant represents this countermanding to have been done independently by the Secretary while the President was still in the neighborhood of Richmond.

The "instantaneous photograph" and "process" engraving seem to have been foreordained for recording what it is the fashion to call the "origins" of State-founding like that of Oklahoma. Those who wish to study the physiognomy of an American settlement in the act, so to speak, will do well to read Mr. Hamilton S. Wicks's article on "The Opening of Oklahoma" in the *Cosmopolitan* for September. The pictures, with dates affixed, tell almost the whole story.

The *Portfolio* for August (Macmillan) has a certain uniformity of contents as helping to a better knowledge and appreciation of three artists, viz., an English sculptor of to-day, E. Roscoe Mullins, an English engraver of the last century, William Woollett, and the German naturalist and animal designer, Joseph Wolf. Examples of the work of each are given. Mr. Mullins's performance has already been so considerable that Mr. Walter Armstrong's introduction of him to the public would appear almost superfluous. Mr. Armstrong is an interested admirer, but by no means a thick-and-thin eulogist. Incidentally he has much to say in praise of a recent provincial foundation, the Harris Museum, at Preston, for which Mr. Mullins sculptured the pediment. The building contains a library, a museum, and a picture-gallery, and seems well worth a visit from rich Americans who have not yet made their wills.

At the last meeting of the American Library Association, Miss Mary S. Cutler of the New York State Library presented the results of an inquiry into the practice of libraries having 10,000 volumes and upwards as to Sunday opening. Miss Cutler is a decided advocate of this practice, but a very fair and temperate one, and, as she wishes to pursue the subject further, she "will gratefully welcome any bit of experience throwing new light upon it," pro or con. Out of 59 college libraries heard from, as many as 12 are open on Sunday; only 3 out of 11 theological-seminary libraries. In Mt. Holyoke Seminary and College, only religious books may be taken out.

The annual report just published by the Trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago tells of their mature deliberation last summer, without opposition from any quarter, to open the Museum free to the public on Sunday, in addi-

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tion to the free Saturday. This step "has appeared to justify itself from the beginning." In March last the number of visitors was 6,616. The cost of the opening has been $400 per annum.

Under the unexplained name "The Kyrle Society," a number of persons started twelve years ago a movement "to bring beauty home to the people." They confine their ministration to London alone, and this with the less regret because it is in London that beauty is most needed, and further "that the refusal of the London Society to undertake work at a distance often stimulates an outlying district to start a Kyrle Society of its own." There are already eight or nine provincial societies of this sort, it appears. The original society has four branches devoted to the four objects: (a) of providing and laying out for public use open spaces in towns; (b) decorating with pictures and otherwise hospitals, workmen's clubs, and parish rooms; (c) giving musical performances; and (d) distributing literature. The members of the society work at these tasks gratuitously, and therefore the money cost of its doings is but small. Nor are regular fixed dues exacted, but any one by contributing in money or in labor becomes a member for the year. Moreover, all its tendency being unsectarian, church buildings have to be eschewed; but there are mentioned as having been taken in hand by the Decorative Committee during 1888, "a Roman Catholic Boys' Club, a temperance hall, a Wesleyan mission-room, a Girls' Recreation-room in charge of the All-Hallows Sisters, and another managed by two deaconesses." We extract this information from the 'Transactions of the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Applications to Industry,' a volume lately reviewed in these columns, and the matter seems worthy of the consideration of Americans alike in cities and in country towns.

The *Real Academia de la Historia* of Madrid proposes a worthy celebration of the Columbus centennial by offering prizes of 30,000 and 15,000 pesetas (about $6,000 and $3,000) for the best works on the discoveries of the Portuguese and Spaniards from the time of Prince Henry the Navigator, and the social, political, and economical results following upon them. Works written in Spanish, French, English, German, and Italian will be considered, and the successful authors will receive, in addition to the money, 500 copies of their books, which will be printed by the Academy. The tribunal will comprise the diplomatic representatives in Spain of any country presenting a work in the competition, within the time, which is limited to January 1, 1892. Any of our scholars desiring further information on the subject can address the secretaries of the Academy, Señores Juan Valera and Juan F. Riaño.

—In *Scribner's*, Mr. Andrew Lang takes up with some asperity the cause of Alexandre Dumas, in an essay which, though of little critical value, is written with even more spirit and cleverness than one confidently expects in this critic's defence of his own favorites. Romantic literature is really the thing at stake in the discussion, though Dumas rather than Sir Walter is chosen for the topic, and in more than one vehement passage the attack is pressed upon the unnamed but easily discerned American novelist who is the champion of "the school of the future"—of realism without any disguises. Mr. Lang's paper does not attempt more than the avowal of his own taste in fiction, and his faith that he is one of a multitude of witnesses to the immortality of fiction as it was; but it is entertaining and tonic. It is, moreover, a pleasure to see a literary paper in the great magazines of this city, since their inattention to literature, except on special occasions, is so marked a characteristic. In the railroad series we have this month an extremely well-managed article upon Safety Appliances; and a second special article is devoted to the subject of the "Small Arms of European Armies," in which the quality of our own armament is much scoffed at. We should notice, also, the beginning of a novel by Harold Frederic, which opens in the Mohawk Valley in 1757, and promises to be an adventurous story laid in an interesting period and country.

—The *Century* opens with one of Mr. Hamilton Gibson's ever welcome illustrated articles on the delicate things of nature. In this case it is the butterflies as "winged botanists" that he employs pen and pencil on, and with his usual success in both. Mr. Wores's pictures in Japan are also noticeable for their effects as engraved, and illustrate the interest of an artist in that country as plainly on the æsthetic side as his agreeable text records the impression he received of the people. The third fully illustrated paper is upon the subject of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, whom Mr. Paine finds in King Menephtah. His argument is very learned and exhaustive, and involves the telling of a very interesting piece of Egyptian history, together with the tragedy which there was in the slaying of the Pharaoh's only son, Seti-Menephtah, by the angel of the Lord in his passage over Egypt. A remarkably complete series of cuts informs us as completely as is possible of the features and figure of the king and of his heir in whom his line came to an end. A paper of special interest to students of Napoleon consists of some unpublished letters of English officers, and a diary kept by one of them on the voyage to St. Helena, in which the conversation and trivial acts of the ex-Emperor are closely noted. Mr. Kennan tells the history of the Kara prison, for the misery of which his earlier papers have prepared us without making the story any the less revolting now that it is read in full. Masaccio is the subject of Mr. Cole's Italian engraving—an admirable group from the fresco of the Tribute Money at Florence; and Mr. Stillman takes the occasion to define again realism and naturalism in art. A spirited war-poem by Mr. Roche also deserves mention.

— Alike to those who grieve or rage over the word *reliable*, and to those who contemplate it with equanimity, the opinion touching it of the chief editor of the great English Dictionary now in course of publication will be of interest. Dr. Murray, as might have been expected, maintains that *reliable* is "good, useful, well-formed, and ancient"; thus accepting the character of it demonstrated again and again by Dr. Fitzedward Hall, especially in what his endorser calls "his scholarly and exhaustive treatise, 'On English Adjectives in *-able*.'" The incisive winding-up of Dr. Murray's defence of the expression is in these terms (*Notes and Queries* for August 17):

"When will people learn that the history of words, as of anything else, can be learned only by putting one's self in the position of a learner, and ought not to be invented to give support to pet prejudices or aversions? Let a man who has a chronic antipathy to *reliable* say frankly, 'I know nothing about the history of this word, and I care less; but its color irritates me and drives me furious.' We should then know where we were, and keep out of his way, recognizing that the case was one not for the etymologist or lexicographer, but for the pathologist."

—Apropos of our articles on Mme. de Staël, particularly as a conversationist, a Western correspondent writes:

"In 1857, introduced at Sunnyside as a friend of Commissioner Ellsworth, I enjoyed an hour's talk with Washington Irving. It will be remembered that it was with Ellsworth that Irving made the tour to the Rockies in 1832 which he commemorated in his 'Tour on the Prairies.' He recalled with special pleasure his crossing a river, tied up in a skin bag that closed around his neck, and was held upright by a swimming Indian, as Irving could not swim. But, as I had been an Italian traveller, he soon began to talk of his visit to Italy, about 1805, when he had just attained his majority. In Rome the chief reunion of strangers was at the palace of Baron [William] von Humboldt, then Prussian Minister Resident, and easily first among the literati. His residence was in the Trastevere, on the right of the street leading from the bridge of St. Angelo to St. Peter's. Mme. de Staël was then in Rome, and just inspired with 'Corinne,' the culmination of her genius. She was seldom absent from Humboldt's conversazioni, and was the observed of all observers. What Irving most vividly recalled about these gatherings was that De Staël was their uncrowned queen. She was already in the afternoon of her days, and few ladies there present were so plain-looking, but her passing pleasing tongue always drew listeners swarming around her. It seemed that the young and beautiful ladies must be envious as they saw themselves deserted by all men of head or heart for one who had no visible charms."

—Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè of Palermo is rapidly bringing to a successful termination his gigantic enterprise of illustrating the life of the Sicilian people in all its ramifications. We have already noticed his collections of Sicilian popular songs, tales, proverbs, festivals, and children's games. To these fourteen stout volumes he has just added four which are perhaps of even greater interest than their predecessors. They are devoted to uses, customs, beliefs, and prejudices ('Biblioteca delle Tradizioni popolari siciliane,' vols. xiv-xvii. Palermo: C. Clausen); and offer a rich mine for the student of superstitions. The first volume contains two extensive monographs, one upon the carnival and the historical development of its celebration, and the other upon the survival of Carlovingian traditions among the people. The latter is of the greatest value to the student of the mediæval epics of the cycle of Charlemagne, and reveals popular interest which is amazing. In 1885 there were in Palermo no less than nine permanent puppet shows devoted exclusively to the representation of plays from the Carlovingian epics. In 1883 there were in the rest of the island sixteen such shows. To these must be added the professional story-tellers, one of whom requires sixty days to exhaust his repertory. The professional singer of these epics is now found only in Naples. The Carlovingian traditions also survive in many local legends. It is worth noting that traditions of the Arthurian cycle are almost entirely wanting, an additional proof of the courtly and literary nature of this cycle. The first volume also contains articles on itinerant musicians and dances, cries of street venders, dresses, and household utensils, customs of the workers in the sulphur mines and of sailors and fishermen.

—The second volume is devoted to the various customs connected with marriage, birth, death, the relation contracted by godparents ("il comparatico"), and the mysterious Sicilian institutions of the *mafia* and *omertà*. The latter (meaning "manliness," from Lat. *homo*) is the sentiment of independence of social laws, and the solution of all controversies by violence or by the arbitration of the most prominent representatives of the *omertà* in the neighborhood. In other words, the *omertà* is precisely the same spirit which prevails to such an

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alarming extent in our own Southern States. The *mafia* (the origin of which is doubtful) is harder to define, and does not seem to differ essentially from the *omertà*, although by some it is made a synonym of brigandage and organized theft (*camorra* and *malandrinaggio*). Other articles in this volume treat of gestures (we notice that Dr. Pitrè frequently cites our own Garrick Mallery), nicknames, imprecations, oaths, and greetings. The third volume is devoted to customs, superstitions, proverbs, etc., connected with agriculture, botany, zoology, etc., and contains in its five hundred pages a mine of material for the student of comparative mythology. The fourth volume is perhaps the most remarkable of all from the last-named standpoint on account of an extensive monograph of over two hundred pages upon supernatural and wonderful beings. We can now only call the attention of those interested in the history of witchcraft, etc., to this remarkable article. The remaining chapters are devoted to lucky and unlucky persons and things, buried treasures, uses and beliefs of children, and miscellaneous beliefs and superstitions. In the chapter on lucky and unlucky persons and things some astonishing details are given in regard to the lottery in Italy. In 1884 232,532,882 lottery tickets were sold, about eight and one-third to each inhabitant of the kingdom. A Neapolitan buys on an average fourteen and a half; a Sicilian about the same; a Venetian twelve; a Tuscan and a Roman over seven; a Lombard, a Modenese, and a Ligurian, a little over four; an Umbrian and an inhabitant of the Marches, hardly one and a half. What a story these figures tell!

—To the fourth volume are appended a glossary and an excellent index, and the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the admirable bibliographical notes which follow each chapter or article. Pitrè's great work will be completed by a nineteenth volume (now in the press) on popular medicine. It is impossible to speak too highly of this remarkable achievement, the like of which no other country can show, and we are lost in amazement when we reflect that it is the work of one man, a practising physician of narrow means. May he find his reward in the gratitude and remembrance not only of his countrymen, but of the students of popular customs and literature all over the world. Nor should we forget the enlightened publishers who have made this national monument possible.

NATURAL INHERITANCE.

Natural Inheritance. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. 1889.

MR. GALTON'S book has a twofold interest, viz., that of the questions under discussion and the results to which his inquiry points, and that of the methods employed in the investigation. The author's own keen pleasure in his work seems to be almost equally divided between these two aspects of it, though the novelty of the pursuit and the mysterious and alluring harmony of mathematical processes give a zest and attractiveness to the points of pure method, which the author at several places acknowledges with delightful frankness, and which cannot be paralleled by the satisfaction which the substantial results of the inquiry afford. Mr. Galton is not a professed mathematician, and one must admire the conscientious care, the courage, and the skill with which he has employed the refined methods of the theory of probability (or, more specifically, the theory of error) in interpreting his statistical data. The schemes adopted for tracking out the currents of heredity which underlie these given facts, the discrimination and care with which the details of these schemes are worked out, and the painstaking elucidation of the methods so as to bring them within the grasp of the non-mathematical reader (provided, alas! that he "brace himself to a sustained effort")—all these are alike worthy of the highest praise.

The point about which everything centres in the main portion of the book is the question of regression. Given a parent possessing some attribute in an exceptional degree, are the children of this parent likely to possess it in the same or a higher degree; or, on the other hand, are they likely to possess it in a lower degree? In other words, is there likely to be a regression towards the general level of the race? Mr. Galton not only answers this question in the affirmative, but, surprising as it may seem, gives a numerical measure of the degree of this regression, which applies to all those attributes in human beings which he has investigated.

But a difficulty confronts us at the very threshold. It is not only one, but two parents that are concerned in this matter; and their variations from the standard of the race—as regards the attribute under discussion—may be either alike or opposite, and they may be of different degrees of intensity. Must we concern ourselves with the status of each parent, or is it sufficient to consider the aggregate or average of the two? Mr. Galton satisfied himself by an argument which we have not space to present, but which it will be necessary to mention again further on, that the average character of the two parents is all that need be taken into account: so that, for example, the children of a very tall father and a mother of middle height are likely to present the same peculiarities of stature as do the children of a pair both of whom are moderately tall. And very fortunate it is for Mr. Galton's purposes that such should be the case; for it is plain that a very far greater mass of statistics would be required to reach conclusions of any trustworthiness if every important difference in the combination of the two parents required separate classification and discussion.

In the above illustration we have used stature as the attribute under consideration; in Mr. Galton's book by far the longest and most important discussion is that of the data of stature, these being, for a variety of reasons, best suited to the purpose. And here a minor point arises, which, however, is very easily disposed of. Since the standard height of women is different from that of men, a vexatious complexity would continually present itself in the discussion were it not obviated by the device of enlarging all the female measures in the proportion in which the average male height exceeds the average female height. This is accomplished by adding eight one-hundredths to the height of each female, or, roughly, one inch for every foot. The height of the female, thus increased, Mr. Galton calls her "transmuted" height, and the introduction of these transmuted females obliterates the question of sex in the remainder of the discussion, the average male height being henceforth the sole standard. The height obtained by taking the average of that of the father and that of the transmuted mother, gives the stature of a fictitious being very appropriately denominated the Mid-Parent. Now, Mr. Galton finds from a large array of figures, and verifies in an ingenious variety of ways, that on the average the deviation of a child from the standard height is two-thirds the deviation of its mid-parent. This is the numerical determination above alluded to. Thus, the mean stature of the population with which Mr. Galton is dealing being 68¼ inches, a mid-parent whose height is 71¼ inches will usually have children whose mean height (female heights being transmuted, of course) is 70¼ inches. Mr. Galton expresses this fact by saying that in the matter of stature the "regression" from mid-parent to child is two-thirds. It would have been more in accordance with mathematical and physical usage in analogous matters to call this fraction the "coefficient of regression," or "factor of regression"; a "regression" of two-thirds suggests the idea that two-thirds of the deviation is lost, rather than that two-thirds is retained.

It will be well to say a word here as to the reasons why this phenomenon of regression might be expected *a priori* to take place. Two such reasons may be given, both of which are but lightly touched on by Galton, as indeed, in the present state of knowledge, they must be. The first is that unless such a tendency to regression existed, deviations from the original type of the race would rapidly become more and more exaggerated, a state of things which is in general contradictory to the doctrine of organic stability—a doctrine which is somewhat vaguely but very suggestively discussed in the introductory part of Mr. Galton's book. While this reason rests upon a final cause for regression, the second reason points to an efficient cause of that phenomenon. As Mr. Galton puts it (p. 104): "The child inherits partly from his parents, partly from his ancestry. In every population that intermarries freely, when the genealogy of any man is traced far backwards, his ancestry will be found to consist of such varied elements that they are indistinguishable from a sample taken at haphazard from the general population." The point becomes plainer if we make use of the term "latent elements," which Mr. Galton employs elsewhere in the discussion of this matter. It is impossible, namely, for the offspring of two parents actually to present in his own person all the characteristics of them both; some of the physiological elements which determine these personal characteristics are transmitted to the offspring, and are capable of being further transmitted to his descendants, though not manifesting themselves in his own personal development. Now, since a given pair of individuals possess in their constitution such "latent elements," representing in a greater or less degree an indefinite number of preceding generations, their children's characteristics will be in some wise compounded of the visible characteristics of the parent pair and of the characteristics of this near and remote ancestry; and hence, from the consideration adduced in the foregoing quotation, there will be a tendency to regression towards the general type of the race.

To go back: we have seen that when the mid-parent's stature exceeds the standard by three inches, the child's stature may be expected to exceed the standard by two inches; the child's *peculiarity*—its deviation from the average—may be expected to be two-thirds the peculiarity of the mid-parent. But let us reverse the question: given a man who is taller than the average, what may we infer as to his mid-parent? The answer is not at all what one might at first blush give; it is not by any means true that the probabilities are that the mid-parent's stature will show an excess over the average three-halves as great as that of the child. Quite the contrary: though it is true that, given a tall mid-parent, the child is apt to be less tall than the mid-parent, it is also true that given a tall child, the mid-parent is apt to be less tall than the child. Though the child is apt to be more mediocre than the parent, it

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is still true that the parent is apt to be more mediocre than the child. The explanation of this seeming paradox is very simple: given that a parent is exceptional, it is true that the child is apt to be less exceptional; but given that a child is exceptional, this may be due either to its parents being equally or more exceptional, or to the child being an exceptional child of comparatively mediocre parents. Now, mediocrity is so extremely preponderant in numbers, the number of people who are near the average is so very much greater than that of people who differ from the average in a marked degree, that in spite of the chances being against a *given* mediocre pair giving rise to exceptional offspring, the whole great mass of mediocre people will furnish among them a greater number of exceptional children than will the small body of exceptional parents.

There is thus regression from mid-parent to child, and also regression from child to mid-parent; and in the same sense in which the former is measured by the fraction two-thirds, Mr. Galton finds that the latter is measured by the fraction one-third. So that, in a population whose average height is 68¼ inches, if the height of the mid-parent is 71¼ inches, the safest guess for the height of the child is 70¼ inches; while if the height of the child is 71¼ inches, the safest guess for the height of the mid-parent is 69¼ inches. Before leaving this point, we may be permitted to quote this comment of Galton's on its significance (p. 106):

"The law of Regression tells heavily against the full hereditary transmission of any gift. Only a few out of many children would be likely to differ from mediocrity so widely as their Mid-Parent, and still fewer would differ as widely as the more exceptional of the two Parents. The more bountifully the Parent is gifted by nature, the more rare will be his good fortune if he begets a son who is as richly endowed as himself, and still more so if he has a son who is endowed yet more largely. But the law is even-handed: it levies an equal succession-tax on the transmission of badness as of goodness. If it discourages the extravagant hopes of a gifted parent that his children will inherit all his powers, it no less discountenances extravagant fears that they will inherit all his weakness and disease.

"It must be clearly understood that there is nothing in these statements to invalidate the general doctrine that the children of a gifted pair are much more likely to be gifted than the children of a mediocre pair. They merely express the fact that the ablest of all the children of a few gifted pairs is not likely to be as gifted as the ablest of all the children of a very great many mediocre pairs."

The two foregoing determinations—of "filial regression" and "mid-parental regression" respectively—suffice to give an idea of the nature of the determinations which Mr. Galton has undertaken to make, and upon which he has expended no less skill in the marshalling and discussion of his facts than patience and energy in their collection. We regret very much that we can here give no idea of his method of determining fraternal regression—or rather methods, for several distinct methods were employed, the point being one of peculiar difficulty; and the close agreement of the results of these methods is gratifying evidence of the soundness of the work. Suffice it to say that, by means of these three factors of regression, Mr. Galton proceeds to compute the extent to which a peculiarity possessed by a relative in any degree—uncle, cousin, etc.—may be expected to present itself in a proposed individual. Thus an individual may be expected to possess one-third of a known peculiarity of either parent; two-thirds that of a brother, two twenty-sevenths that of a cousin, and so on. So that if the degree of resemblance to be expected in personal peculiarities be accepted as a measure of nearness of kinship, a man's brother is twice as nearly related to him as his father is, and nine times as nearly as his cousin is.

The determinations of the factors of regression were all made from the data of stature, these being far richer and better adapted to the purpose than any others at the author's disposal. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the book is the application of the results thus obtained to the statistics of eye-color. It is, of course, quite conceivable that while there is a tendency to regression in respect of stature, there may be none or there may be a different degree of regression in respect to other attributes. But in the matter of eye-color, Mr. Galton, adopting the hypothesis that the same ratios applied there as in the case of stature, proceeded to test it as follows: Taking the statistics of three successive generations of a large number of families, he applied the hypothesis to the figures of the two older generations, calculating from them what the statistics of the last generation should be. The striking accordance of the results thus obtained—not only in large aggregates, but in numerous subdivisions—with the actual statistics of the last generation, seems to be conclusive evidence of the general correctness of the supposition that the factors of regression found for stature apply also to eye-color; and, of course, the trustworthiness of the original conclusion is itself greatly reinforced by this circumstance.

As it is not by any means obvious how peculiarities of eye-color can be made the subject of numerical investigation of this sort, a few words on this point are necessary. The scheme adopted by Mr. Galton is as follows: Most eye-colors can be distinctly classed as either light or dark; there is, indeed, an intermediate variety, which may be sufficiently indicated by the name hazel; these Mr. Galton distributes between light and dark in a satisfactory manner. Now, in all three of the generations studied by Mr. Galton, there was approximately the same proportion of light-colored to dark-colored eyes; and he measured the deviation from the average in a given family or group of families by the variation from this proportion which it presented.

To give some idea of the trustworthiness of the calculations, we shall cite a single example. There were in all 183 children whose two parents and four grandparents were all light-eyed. By Galton's formulæ there ought to be found among these 183 children 172 light-eyed ones; the actual number of light-eyed children was 174. The agreement in this case is somewhat more marked than usual; but it is striking throughout, and, as above intimated, is rendered much more remarkable by the number of classes in which it holds. In constructing his formula, however, Mr. Galton commits a curious error, which seems of sufficient interest to justify some exposition of it. He points out that the degree in which the child exhibits its parent's peculiarity is not a correct measure of the parent's own separate contribution to the child's peculiarity; for the parent's peculiarity implies (in the average of cases) a certain amount, though a less amount, of the peculiarity in the parent's progenitors; and it thus becomes a question how much of the child's peculiarity is really due to that of the parent, and how much must be ascribed to more remote ancestry. The fraction ⅔ was very well, as long as we knew nothing about grandparents; but when these are also known, we have to attribute to them a certain weight, and to the parents taken by themselves a correspondingly diminished weight. Now, there is no absolute method of deductively determining what the diminution should be, and Mr. Galton says that there are two limiting mathematical hypotheses which may be made, and by which the required fraction may be deduced. By one of these the fraction becomes ⅔, by the other $\frac{6}{11}$; and, with the true British instinct for compromise, Mr. Galton adopts ½ as the value, this being almost exactly midway between the above two fractions. Nor would this proceeding be other than wise, were it not for the circumstance that throughout the applications Mr. Galton works on the second of the hypotheses exclusively, and therefore ought obviously to have adhered to that hypothesis in the determination of his fraction. This would have given $\frac{6}{11}$ as the mid-parental contribution to the child's peculiarity, when deduction has been made for the contribution of the remoter ancestry, while Mr. Galton uses ½; and we may add that a recalculation of the eye-color table on this basis shows a somewhat closer agreement with the facts than is shown by Mr. Galton's table.

We have left to the last the mention of a criticism which may prove to impair the biological value of Mr. Galton's work, though it would leave the interest, both of his methods and his results, almost intact. This is the objection that has been made by Prof. W. K. Brooks to the inference of regression from such observations as those made by Mr. Galton on human stature. The objection is twofold. In the first place, Prof. Brooks insists very strongly on the distinction between inherited and non-inherited peculiarities. Peculiarities are sometimes due to accidents or influences having an external origin; and there is probably no more interesting or important unsettled question relating to heredity than the question whether such peculiarities may be inherited. Now, Prof. Brooks thinks that if Galton had eliminated cases of this kind, he might have found very different results, and no such tendency to regression as his figures now show. We cannot regard this point as having much force: first, because these accidental influences are as likely to have diminished as to have increased the parent's deviation from the average (for it must be remembered that Galton's cases were not picked cases of extraordinary stature, but a promiscuous lot), and thus their existence would not seriously affect the average result; and secondly, because the consideration of earlier ancestors forms, as appears above, part of Galton's theory.

Prof. Brooks's other point has reference to the similarity or diversity of the two parents, a difficulty alluded to in the early part of this article. Apart from the mere net resemblance in stature, Prof. Brooks insists that we ought to take account of resemblance in the numerous separate elements which together determine stature; and he thinks that "if Galton had studied by themselves the cases where the parents were alike in stature, both short or both tall, and had picked out from among these the ones where the exceptional stature was due to the same peculiarity, for example, a very long femur, . . . he would have obtained a very different result." This point deserves investigation. Mr. Galton did, indeed, find that resemblance or difference in stature on the part of the parents did not perceptibly influence the phenomena of stature presented by the children; but, while a sufficiently extensive and varied collection of results of this kind would be almost tantamount to a demonstration that resemblance in details was of no more effect than resemblance in the aggregate, it would require more than what Mr. Galton gives us on this head to justify a conclusion concerning it.

We cannot even mention a number of other subjects discussed in the book and in its inte-

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resting appendices. Justice, however, requires us to say that the application of the arithmetical theory of regression to the data concerning the artistic faculty, while highly ingenious, strikes us as distinctly unsatisfactory, owing chiefly to the vague character of the data themselves. We wish also before closing to obviate a possible false impression by saying that Mr. Galton does not pretend that his figures have more than an approximate correctness; and, moreover, to encourage non-mathematical readers by the assurance that a large part of the interest and the instruction which the book affords can be obtained without mastering the mathematical portions. It is difficult to say to what class of readers this extremely interesting book can be most warmly commended; its substantial results appeal most to the scientific student of heredity, its methods to the mathematician, its numerous and almost bizarre tables to him who has a craving for curious facts and to whom *nil humanum alienum*. But perhaps most of all we feel moved to commend it to those facile statisticians—and their name is legion—to whom two or three columns of figures are sufficient for the settlement of any proposed question of political economy, and who might here learn something of the spirit in which he must work who would make the stony figures of statistics speak, and force them into the service of truth.

AMERICAN SONNETS.

American Sonnets. Selected and edited, with an introduction, by William Sharp. (The Canterbury Poets.) London: Walter Scott.

When an Englishman, however kindly of purpose, undertakes a collection of American sonnets, the wonder is apt to be, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, not that he does the thing well or ill, but that he does it at all. In Mr. Sharp's case there is an excellent intention and a cordial though not always discriminating fulfilment. In preparing his little volume of two hundred and fifty sonnets, he has one or two obvious advantages in his nationality; for example, he is not obliged to ask leave of publisher or author, and can take a dozen of Longfellow's sonnets, where an American editor might find himself limited to three or four. Publishers are willing that a few plums should be borrowed from their favorite pudding, but the privilege must not be used very far. On the other hand, an English editor is necessarily limited to the larger collections and the leading magazines, and misses the good things to be found in obscure volumes, in books privately printed, and in the newspapers.

There is no evidence, for instance, that Mr. Sharp has ever seen the admirable bibliography of sonnets published in American magazines, prepared by Mr. J. C. Rowell and published in the *Berkeleyan* (University of California) for October, 1887. If he has seen it, he certainly has been beyond the reach of many periodicals mentioned in the list, or has made an imperfect use of them. Again, he is little acquainted with the minor American poets of the last generation, and omits sonnets which have what may be called an historical value, as Garrison's prison-sonnet on "Freedom of the Mind," Allston's on his friend Coleridge, Daniel Webster's on "The Memory of the Heart," Theodore Parker's "The Way, the Truth, the Life," T. G. Appleton's "Pompeii," and Percival's and Willis's acrostic sonnets to Miss Emily Marshall. Among living poets he wholly omits John Albee, Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, W. E. Channing ("The day is past"), George H. Boker ("To England"), Louise Brooks, Ina D. Coolbrith, Héloise Durant, Louis Dyer, W. Gibson, Mary T. Higginson ("The Playmate Hours"), Maria Lowell ("I love thee!"), O. M. McKnight, Henry Timrod, Sarah H. Whitman, Sarah C. Woolsey ("Love me for what I am"), and George E. Woodberry ("Gibraltar"). All these have written better sonnets than many given by Mr. Sharp, yet he does not even mention their names.

The proportion to be given to various bards is so much a matter of individual taste that we will not insist upon it, though we could certainly have spared the sonnets of Miss Rives and Mrs. Wilcox, and some at least of Mrs. Moulton's eight, in order to have more than two of the thoughtful and noble poems of Jones Very. But there is in Mr. Sharp's dealings with names and personalities much of that confusion which is the inconvenience of a foreigner. He is evidently under some confusion as to the way in which married women's names are written in this country. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox appears always with a hyphen between her last two names, and is indexed under Wheeler-Wilcox. Mrs. Botta appears successively as Lynch, Anne (p. xiv.), Anne Lynch (pp. 152-'5), and Lynch-Botta, Anne Charlotte (p. 289). Amélie Rives is cited under her maiden name only; Gertrude Bloede only as Stuart Sterne, and Lucia Jennison as Owen Innsley. Christopher Pearse Cranch has his middle name contracted into "Pease." The editor does not know that Auringer's poems have appeared in a volume, and says that Jones Very was "once well known, but is now seldom read," the fact being that he was known to few during his life-time, while two distinct editions of his poems have appeared within ten years. There is occasional carelessness of editing: thus, the "flush of sun" in Helen Jackson's sonnet "Her Eyes" is weakened into "flash of sun"; and Higginson's lines in "The Baby Sorceress,"

> "Yellow, like the sands
> That lend soft setting to the azure seas,"

are made extremely realistic by the substitution of "netting" for "setting." Such minor criticisms could easily be multiplied, but they mostly illustrate only the necessary drawbacks of a transatlantic editorship, and leave Mr. Sharp's good-will and generous intention unimpaired. Great credit is due him for what he has accomplished in the way of selection, in spite of all this; that he should have singled out from the mass of contemporary literature so fine a sonnet as the late David Wasson's,

> "As unto blowing roses summer dews
> Or morning's anthem to the tree-top choirs,"

and should have first introduced to the English public the rare and delicate genius of Edith Thomas.

The preface, while intended to be critical, is uneven in quality, and the notes at the end are often of the shallowest description. The editor has "waded through"—as he not very graciously terms the process—"considerably over two hundred volumes of American minor verse," and his conclusion is, that "a finer body of sonnets on general themes could be selected from the writings of the secondary poets of America than those of our own minor bards" (p. xxix). He makes, however, some criticisms whose value is impaired by the quality of the sonnets he praises; he selects for compliment, indeed, Mr. Aldrich's fine sonnet "Fredericksburg," but equally compliments his halting "Pursuit and Possession," in which "haunt me" is made to rhyme with "want thee." He complains of sonnets that are "Petrarchan in all respects, save a rhymed couplet at the close" (p. xxix); ignoring the fact that Petrarch himself, with all the wealth of Italian syllables at his command, closed with a rhymed couplet whenever he wished (as in sonnets lxxiv, cxxxiv, cclxxxiii); and would doubtless have done it still oftener had he written in English, where rhymes are so much less abundant that Coleridge thought an English sonneteer should be excused from all strict sequence in his rhyming. He complains of the "extraordinary structural looseness" that prevails among his American authors, whereas he himself practically creates that looseness by including as sonnets the rhymed couplets of Mr. Charles Heavysege, a Canadian, whose productions are about as sonnet-like as Pope's "Essay on Man." He justly censures those foolish people, if such there be, who have mentioned Sidney Lanier as "the American Keats," but himself employs a yet flatter phrase—if flatter be possible—when he describes Saxe as "a kind of American Christopher North" (p. 291). His assertion that "*every* American poet who writes sonnets has addressed one to, or composed one upon, Sleep" (p. l) is simply silly; and his eking out his book with thirty pages of quatrains affords a meaningless and inappropriate enlargement. We ought, perhaps, to give a certain meed of patriotic acknowledgment for a well-meant and doubtless laborious compilation; but a really critical and satisfactory collection of American sonnets is still a desideratum.

Impressions of Russia. By Dr. Georg Brandes. Translated from the Danish by Samuel C. Eastman. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

This is by far the most important book on Russia that has been published for some years, in spite of the number which have appeared since things Russian have become the fashion. The author is no novice to travel, to literature, or to thought. He is one of the foremost of European authors, understands how to make comparisons, how to discriminate, and how to judge what he has seen or read. History, biography, philosophy, and criticism have been his themes; and his chief work, the 'Main Currents of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century,' shows that he was acquainted with the literature of Russia long before the present curiosity about it sprang up. His remark that he can never forget the impression which Lermontoff's 'A Hero of Our Times,' in the French translation of Marmier, made on him when a schoolboy, and how he loved and admired the book—the first which he understood as a grown-up man—shows that with him the knowledge of Russian literature is no new thing.

One is naturally inclined to give weight to the ideas about Russia expressed by such a man, even when they purport to be only the impressions of a brief stay. The journey of Dr. Brandes, however, was not one of an ordinary kind. He had been invited in 1887 to deliver a course of lectures in French before the Russian Authors' Association at St. Petersburg. He subsequently delivered his lectures in Moscow, then remained for a while on an estate in the south of Russia, and then returned by the way of Smolensk and Warsaw. He was thus enabled to spend some time in the three most characteristic parts of Russia, and to be on terms of intimacy with all classes of society, having access to some which the ordinary traveller very rarely sees. At the same time he says: "I am not unmindful of how little of what I did see I was able to understand fully, nor of how inconsiderable a portion of a country like Russia and of its inhabitants was placed before me. But naturally I believe in my capacity for observation and in the soundness of my judgments."

Thus Dr. Brandes has been able to call atten-

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tion to many points of life and character which have either escaped the notice of previous travellers, or have not been mentioned by them; and occasionally he throws a light on the inside history of events. He has something to say about the internal political condition of the country, and the causes which produced it, as well as about the relations of the court and society. He naturally devotes much space to contemporary literary history, and gives sketches and characterizations of living authors whose names are hardly known in the West except to specialists, while in a few pages he relates the history and present position of Russian art so well that the reader would be prepared to understand and enjoy with more knowledge the next exhibition of Russian pictures he might have to see.

The book displays great breadth of view and calmness of judgment. One of the very best parts is the sixth chapter, where the author maintains that in order to understand what Russia really is, we must perform the process of exclusion—by first eliminating those elements which are common to all European peoples, as well as to those who have accepted European culture; and then those characteristics which are common to all Slavic races. Then only can we judge what is purely Russian, or Russian moulded by Asiatic influences. Of this manner of procedure he gives some interesting examples, each of which is instructive. But, alas! there are not many travellers who make even an effort to become acquainted with other Slavic peoples before judging of Russia, except Germans; and their relations to other Slavic peoples are so intimate and complex that race-hatred is apt to warp their minds.

Fully half the book is occupied with a review of Russian literature from the earliest times. The fact that the author is a Dane, and versed in the old northern ballads, gives an additional interest to what he says of the old Russian ballad epics. His special studies add weight to his criticisms on the Russian poets and novelists of this century. The judgments of so great an authority may be deemed conclusive by ordinary readers; and it is to be hoped that no one—for we know of no one else equally qualified to speak—will dare to publish a book on this subject for some time to come. The translator might turn his attention to what perhaps would now interest us, a rendering into English of Dr. Brandes's similar book on Poland. The present translation is generally well done so far as we can determine without comparing it with the original; but one is curious to know what the author really said when speaking of what the translator calls "Saltykoff's *gory* description of Russian provincial governors" (p. 77). A male member of the Imperial family is usually styled *Grand Duke* and not *Prince Imperial* (see p. 111); and—lest we may be criticised in turn—we may remark that the translation of technical terms is generally governed by usage without regard to derivation, and that while *Prince* is an equivalent of the Russian *Kniaz*, that of *Velikii-Kniaz* is *Grand Duke*.

Origins of the English People and of the English Language. Compiled from the best and latest authorities by Jean Roemer, LL.D. D. Appleton & Co. Pp. xxiv, 658.

THE successive chapters of this work treat of the Kelts, Romans, English, Danes, and Normans, Anglo-Norman French, with specimens, and the fusion of Anglo-Norman French and Anglo-Saxon English into one language, with specimens of Early English. An appendix follows on the French sources of modern English, giving an historical sketch of the French language, its etymology, and specimens of Early French; and this appendix is, to our mind, the most useful portion of the book. A large mass of information has been collected from various authorities, a list of which is prefixed, but it does not seem to be well digested. It would have been well to give the particular authorities followed for each chapter or section, that the reader might have a ready reference to them. It is plain that Sharon Turner has been followed for the Anglo-Saxon period, and this is unfortunate, for while Turner's work was creditable for the beginning of the century, his knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon language was deficient, and will not stand the test of modern criticism. No better evidence of this is needed than a comparison of his translation of the poem on Athelstan's victory at Brunanburh (pp. 111–112) with any modern text and translation. It is full of errors, some of them ludicrous in the extreme, as, for example, "the hoarse toad," intended for a translation of *hasupâdan*, ashen-hued, an epithet of the following *earn*, eagle; but it would take too much space to point them all out, even in this short extract.

The compiler regards the *Jutes* as Dutch (p. 67), "*Deutsch*, or *Dutch* [being] pronounced *Jutes* by the Britons, to designate the early German marauders"; and in chapter xi long lists of words are given from the 'Ancren Riwle' and from Chaucer as of Dutch origin, which are simply direct descendants of Anglo-Saxon, and so originally cognate Teutonic, and not at all derived from Dutch. They stand on a very different level from the French words in the 'Ancren Riwle,' of which a partial list is also given.

The difficulty in writing about the origins of the English language without a practical knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon, or oldest English, is illustrated throughout the work, but especially in chapter ix, section 3, in which the author treats of the "loss of inflections and grammatical changes in Anglo-Saxon before and after the Norman conquest." He is betrayed into such statements as the following (pp. 354–5): "The Anglo-Saxon syntax was also singularly anomalous and disorderly. Its prepositions were used as if possessed of the power of altering the cases of the nouns they governed, as occurs in Latin and Greek; but so irregular and capricious were the principles of this government that in the same sentence the same preposition throws its connected substantives into four different cases. To the confusion of all regular grammar, almost all its prepositions have this inconceivable power." (!) Truly an inconceivable power—so inconceivable that its possession might well be questioned, especially as the line given at the foot of page 355 to sustain the statement shows the preposition *mid* construed, as usual, with but one case, the dative. A very slight knowledge of Anglo-Saxon inflections would have prevented this error. The so-called "confusion" and "anomalies" of Anglo-Saxon grammar are still further commented on, which but shows the importance of the historical study of English in our schools and colleges, based on a competent knowledge of the oldest English. Lack of space will not permit the pointing out of other errors, and of numerous misprints, which might have been corrected by more careful proof-reading. By excision and revision the book may be improved. It contains much useful information, but it is too bulky for general use.

Henry V. By the Rev. A. J. Church. [English Men of Action.] Macmillan & Co. 1889. Pp. 155.

KING HENRY V. is one of the problematic characters of history. As a "man of action" he is perhaps the greatest among the successors of William the Conqueror. The legends that have grown up about the story of his youth have been pretty effectually disposed of, and, negatively at all events, we must agree that "there is absolutely no evidence to show that Henry was accustomed to the society of vicious and disreputable companions" (p. 46). There remain the more serious charges that, while a man of "almost ostentatious piety," he engaged unprovoked in a war of conquest against a nation distracted by feud and misgovernment, that the war was distinguished by acts of the grossest inhumanity, and that he was eager in the policy of persecution, allowing an early friend, a man of high character, to be burned over a slow fire on a charge of heresy.

Mr. Church does not extenuate these faults, but ascribes them to the age:

"It would be unjust to doubt the sincerity of his piety because many of his acts seem inconsistent with our own conceptions of the character which piety should produce. . . . His religion made him what few kings have been, temperate and chaste. It did not make him merciful; it would not be too much to say that in Henry's eye it made no man merciful. We must compare it, not with the religion of a Havelock or a Gordon, but with the grovelling superstition of a Lewis the Eleventh. It would certainly be more just to charge him with fanaticism than with hypocrisy" (p. 152).

Elsewhere he says (p. 117) in relation to the atrocities at the siege of Rouen: "He was a soldier first; and to his conception of a soldier's duty, which was to use every military advantage which came in his way, he subordinated everything. For wanton cruelty he had no taste: it did not come within the scope of his business; but from cruelty that was not wanton—that is, was dictated by some consideration of necessity or expediency—he never shrank." But what military end was furthered by allowing the twelve thousand non-combatants, thrust out from the city, to perish miserably between his lines and the walls? It may be said that the beginning of the inhumanity was with the authorities of Rouen, and that their crime was as great as Henry's. But every non-combatant expelled from the city added just so much to the capacity of resistance; while, if they had been permitted to pass through the English lines, the capitulation of the city would not have been delayed a single day.

In regard to the French war, Mr. Church has some interesting and ingenious remarks:

"He seems to have looked upon his wars for the acquisition of the French crown as a devout prince two centuries before might have looked upon a crusade. It was his mission to recover what he seems, difficult as it is to believe it, to have sincerely regarded as his rightful inheritance. By one of those processes of self-deception that are so difficult to imagine of others, so easy to perform for ourselves, he had persuaded himself of the soundness of a title which seems to us to need no refutation; and all his candid, his almost audacious confidence, his unhesitating rejection of compromises, as well as the earnestness of his prayers and thanksgivings for victory, indicate a profound conviction that he was doing a work to which he had been divinely sent. If we are to compare him with the famous conquerors of the world, we should find his parallel in Alexander, convinced that it was his mission to take the vengeance of force for centuries of Persian wrong, rather than in Napoleon, whose faith did not go beyond a conviction of the power of his big battalions" (p. 153).

This comparison is very felicitous—as historical parallels are very apt not to be; and the remarks upon self-deception are much to the

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point. But such self-deception—in the case of Henry as well as of Alexander—is commonly tacitly assisted by an estimate of advantage to one's self. It is not likely that Edward III., who first advanced this claim, deceived himself as to its validity, although it was far more plausible in his mouth than in that of his great-grandson; there were abundant causes of complaint, and this claim afforded a pretext for a war which was in his mind desirable of itself. But during the fourteenth century these undetermined rules of succession, exemplified in the claims to the French and the Scottish crowns, had been gradually determined by the logic of events, and what had been plausible a century before was ridiculous now. If Henry's claim to the French crown was valid, he had no title to that of England; and, great as is the power of self-deception, it is hard to believe that so vigorous an intellect as Henry's could have deceived itself in this matter.

In short, when we have to do with religious persecution and wars of ambition, we do not deny that the motives are sometimes of the purest; but we are entitled to demand in both cases the most unimpeachable evidence, and to feel some degree of suspicion when there is room for the workings of intellectual pride, individual or class interests, or self-aggrandizement.

Elementary Lessons in Heat. By S. E. Tillman, Professor of Chemistry in the United States Military Academy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

THIS work is to be regarded rather as a compendium than as an elementary treatise. We are reminded on reading it of a well-written series of lecture notes from which much relatively less important matter is omitted. From this point of view, if supplemented by good lectures supplying fulness of detail, it may be really useful. It has many special merits. It is refreshing to meet with a treatise on heat in which we do not find a large number of forms of apparatus which have long had only an historical interest, but which have been copied from text-book to text-book as if they formed established principles of science. It is also pleasant to find—for the first time, we believe, in a text-book—an account of the work of Wm. Ferrel on the deflections of the atmosphere due to the rotation of the earth on its axis as part of a general mathematical theory. The whole subject of meteorological phenomena, as connected with heat, receives an amount of attention very unusual in American works, and the treatment is both good and interesting. There is a brief sketch of thermo-dynamics, chiefly in connection with the steam-engine. The other general headings are those which are found in all text-books on the subject, and do not require special notice. They are perhaps somewhat meagre, but are clear and intelligible. We regret not to find the metric system of weights uniformly employed, as it should be in every treatise upon a scientific subject. On the whole, however, Prof. Tillman's work deserves commendation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Mrs. A Crooked Path. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Baring-Gould, S. The Pennycomequicks. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 50 cents.
Bayfield, M. A. The Ion of Euripides. Macmillan & Co. 90 cents.
Billings, Dr. J. S. Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A. Authors and Subjects. Vol. X. O—Pfutsch. Washington.
Carr, Mrs. Comyns. *Margaret Maliphant.* Harper & Bros. 45 cents.
Clegg, J. Directory of Second-hand Booksellers and List of Public Libraries, British and Foreign. Rochdale, Eng.: James Clegg; New York: Westermann.
Daniell, M. G. Exercises in La in Prose Composition. Part I., based on Cæsar's Gallic War. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
Dostoyevsky, F. M. Crime and Punishment. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Catalogue of Casts in the Museum of Classical Archæology. By Chas. Waldstein. Macmillan & Co.
Flagg, I. Euripides: Iphigenia. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Ford, W. C. The Writings of George Washington. Vol. III. 1775–1776. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.
Gagnebin, Mme. A Happy Find. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cents.
Hayden, E. West India Hurricanes and the March Blizzard, 1888. *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co. $1.50.
Hiorns, A. H. Iron and Steel Manufacture: A Text-book for Beginners. Macmillan & Co. $1.
Lawyers' Reports, Annotated. Book III. Rochester, N. Y.: Lawyers' Cooperative Publishing Co. $5.
Lockwood, I. A Lawyer's Don'ts. G. W. Dillingham. 25 cents.
Lucas, F. Sketches of Rural Life, and Other Poems. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
MacLean, J. P. A History of the Clan MacLean. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Matheson, Rev. G. Voices of the Spirit. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25.
Mill, H. R. Elementary Class-book of General Geography. Macmillan & Co. 90 cents.
Morgan, H. H. English and American Literature for Schools and Colleges. Boston: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. $1.00.
O'Rell, Max. Jacques Bonhomme: John Bull on the Continent. Cassell & Co. 50 cents.
Report of the Proceedings of the American Historical Association, Dec. 26, 1888. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Russell, Dora. Jezebel's Friends. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Russell, W. C. Marooned. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Sergeant, Adeline. The Luck of the House. Frank F. Lovell & Co. 30 cents.
Sherwood, M. E. W. Sweet-Brier. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.25.
Smith, Laura A. Through Romany Songland. London: David Stott; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H. The Salt-Cellars: A Collection of Proverbs, with Notes. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Tales from *Blackwood.* 3d series. White & Allen. 40 cents.
Thayer, Eli. A History of the Kansas Crusade: its Friends and its Foes. Harper & Bros.
The County: A Story of Social Life. Harper & Bros. 45 cents.
The New Litany: Blots and Blemishes. G. W. Dillingham.
The Sermon Bible: Psalm lxxvii. to Song of Solomon. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.50.
Thompson, E. T. Chronicon Galfridi le Baker de Swynebroke. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Tillman, Prof. S. E. Elementary Lessons in Heat. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Tissot, V. Unknown Switzerland. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $2.
Transactions of the National Association for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry, Liverpool Meeting, 1888. London: 22 Albermarle St., Piccadilly.
Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill: An Australian Novel. Harper & Bros. 40 cents.
Van Loon, Mrs. E. A Heart Twice Won. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 25 cents.
Vase, G. Through Love to Life. Harper & Bros. 40 cents.
Wall, G. A., and Heckel, G. B. Jacob Valmont, Manager. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Ward, C. O. A History of the Ancient Working-People. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. $2.00.
Ward, Prof. H. M. Timber and Some of its Diseases. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.
Warren, Rev. I. Elementary Treatise on Mechanics for the Use of Schools. Longmans, Green & Co.

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